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GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A·T· QUILLER COUCH

MODERN PROSE



CHOSEN & ARRANGED BY
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INTRODUCTION

When one considers the number of excellent books that are written and published every year, one realises how impossible it is to condense into the space of a few score pages a full anthology of contemporary prose. All one can hope to do in one little volume is to suggest something of the breadth and scope of prose, and by choosing brilliant passages from the works of great writers to take a brief survey of the field. Not of the whole field by any means. The Novel, for instance, must be left out—and the Drama—for excerpts can afford no insight into the true scope of either.

A collection of such types of prose as lend themselves to quotation—as units in themselves, not snippets—should by their brilliance and variety convey something of the magic, the power, and the vast range of the English language as expressed in Prose; and that is what has been attempted in this little volume.

THE ESSAY

We have placed the Essay first, for it is great literature in little—the Cameo of writing. Of all forms of prose it is perhaps the most delicate, the most difficult to achieve; for though its subjects are

deep as human nature and wide as human observation, its form is limited by taste and experience to a matter of some thousand words. They must be the right words, too; for in the Essay a certain lightness or subtlety of wit is essential. The epigram must seem to run easily from the pen; not arrive, as it were, in a pantechnicon. The subject must be balanced with the delicacy of a sonnet, or it will become dull; and while nothing is too slight and "every-day" so long as it is treated with originality and insight, the most profoundly important aspects of life and thought have been dealt with in masterly manner in the Essay form.

It will be seen that the lighter and more delicate type of Essay has been chosen for the first section.

THE PORTRAIT

To make a great Portrait either in words or in paint, far more is necessary than an accurate presentation of features. The writer, or the painter, must be artist enough to know what to leave out as well as what to put in; and psychologist enough to read deep into the character which he has the skill to portray. Perhaps the difference between "snap-shot" and Portrait is that while the one is momentary the other is time-less; the camera records the light on the skin, the artist the light in the soul. And so in great word-portraits, such as those here chosen, it will be found that points of individuality are stressed

and emphasised, without ever going too far from the humanity that is common to all mankind—a mistake that would result in caricature.

ATMOSPHERE

It would seem that words and arrangements of words carry with them a sort of magical *aura* of feeling or suggestion very hard to define, but impossible to miss. It is more than the meaning of the words, more than their sound—more even than the stimulating of old associated ideas. It is as if some heart-string in our being were touched, to go on vibrating in harmonics far above the original note. This is what is called Atmosphere; and it is part of the magic of a great writer that he can produce it at will.

Thus, in the first excerpt, "The Devil-Dance," there is more than the physical atmosphere of swamp and miasma—one senses, as it were, all the cruelty and ignorance of savage life. There is more than a feeling of great height in the passage from *The Path to Rome*—it is surely impossible to miss the happy atmosphere of achievement that runs through this passage as it does through the whole book.

It is probable that the works of no two authors in the language convey so profound an Atmosphere as do those of Joseph Conrad and J. M. Synge. Though both passages here chosen describe the sea—and man's relation to the sea—they are strangely different in Atmosphere. Perhaps the keynote of "Initiation" is

awe; perhaps in the passage from *The Aran Islands* it is a sort of brave tenderness—as in all the works of J. M. Synge. But every reader must catch the Atmosphere for himself, for it is partly he.

CONVERSATION

Out of the thousands of novels, plays and stories that depend for their interest and development on Conversation, these three little examples have been chosen chiefly for one striking characteristic which they have in common. By such apparently simple means they give one so profound an insight into the characters of the speakers. The means are not so simple as at first sight they look, of course; for "economy" is one of the hardest lessons a writer has to learn—and one of his greatest assets when he has learnt it.

Queen Victoria and Mr. Greville say practically nothing; half of Father Keegan's "Conversation" is soliloquy; while the talk between Sanders and Sam'l is almost monosyllabic. Yet it would be hard to find an equally swift and simple way of taking one deep into the heart of the characters.

POWER

Two passages—the one by R. L. Stevenson, the other by John Masefield—have been placed side by side. They are both powerful passages, and neith loses by comparison with the other because they a

emotionally and structurally different. But they have this in common, that they both deal with life and death in close proximity; and that the most powerful effects are obtained, as ever, by the simplest possible means. The first passage shows the delicate man's love of the adventure and bloodshed that he himself has not experienced; the second, the heart-deep human sympathy of one who has seen both.

THE STORY

This is an age of short stories. Cataracts of short stories pour out upon us in monthly, weekly and daily papers; till it would seem that everyone who has a bent for writing has tried his hand at them. And yet the great short story is extremely rare. Not one in a thousand deserves to be called great; and indeed this is not surprising, for the literary qualities required are of a very high order. There must be an intriguing idea or plot—not too involved or complex, but subtle and artistically right. There must be swift characterisation in word-portraits and talk, for there is no time or space for the gradual unfolding of motives and personalities. The story must keep, as it were, high tension of interest, never for a moment slackening. Above all, the story, whether funny, or horrible, or sad, must be a unit complete and satisfying in itself so that however short it may be one feels that there is nothing more to be said.

NATURE

It was Keats who said bitterly:

> Philosophy will clip an angel's wings
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
> Unweave a rainbow . . ."

—and in a sense he is right. But Keats lived a century ago, and science has advanced far since then—so far that we now realise that we are only on the fringe and verge of things, and as yet know practically nothing. Perhaps we can understand better to-day that scientific observation, far from killing mystery, has opened up unimagined vistas of wonder.

White of Selborne knew this, and old Izaak Walton, before Keats's day; and in our own time Richard Jefferies and Mr. Edmund Selous, and a great host of nature-lovers, who are also men of letters; while no man has ever seen and portrayed the beauty and pathos of primitive country life with a clearer insight than Mr. Thomas Hardy.

CHILDREN

One would like to suggest that the most hopefu
sign in the mentality of the modern world is it
attitude towards children—its ever-increasing syn
pathy and interest in children's welfare and happine
This is very strongly reflected in literature, wh
such masterpieces as *Dream Days* and *The Gol*
Age, *Bevis*, *Jeremy*, certain stories by Mr. Rudy

Kipling, parts of Mr. Alexander Paterson's *Across the Bridges*, parts of books by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, autobiographies and many more, show a new power of understanding, a depth of insight, and, above all, an amazing memory of what it is like to be a child. Far from being a symptom of weakness it is a sign of new strength—like the Boy Scout movement or Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

RHETORIC

There are two essentials in public speaking, beyond the power of expression in clear and simple language. The first is sincerity, without which one must be a mighty good actor to convince one's hearers, whether it be in the classroom or on the public platform; and the second is a knowledge of the mentality of one's audience, which often has to be gauged on the spot.

Take as a classical example the two great speeches in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. Brutus speaks from his heart. He weighs his arguments logically and philosophically. "As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him."

But he speaks to the Roman citizens as though they were his intellectual equals, and his arguments do not carry lasting conviction.

Mark Anthony knows his audience. He plays upon them—their pride, their affection, their simplicity, their selfishness—and his speech gets home.

Human character has not changed in our own day. A statesman cannot speak at Limehouse as he would at Westminster; nor could David Roberts, in the speech which is here quoted from the great play called *Strife*, harangue the strikers in the manner of President Wilson addressing Congress on the subject of a League of Nations. One may read these two speeches first for their own force and value, then for the sake of comparison and contrast.

CRITICISM

Criticism, as Mr. Howe very pertinently points out, does not mean the passing of adverse judgments. Rather, it is a search for the best and an understanding of the best; and the business of the critic is to use disinterestedly all his insight, experience, and taste in order to guide us to what is best in the creative work of others. And if this entails the pruning out of what is weak or slipshod or dangerous, that is a secondary function of criticism. "Literature must be purged of this taint," said Macaulay as he placed poor Montgomery in the pillory; but we do no honour Macaulay for keeping him there. And wha do we think to-day of Byron for labelling Word worth "idiot" and Coleridge "an ass"? Or of th Edinburgh Reviewers of a hundred years ago their treatment of Keats?

The critic must be actuated solely by a love what is best in literature, or music, or painting

whatever it may be; and his responsibility is great, for upon his judgment may depend the taste of a whole generation of seekers after truth.

INSIGHT AND VISION

Some of the bravest things that have been said since the world was filled with "distress of nations, with perplexity," have been said or written by men who have felt most keenly the great disenchantment of the past few years. For Vision does not consist in hiding one's eyes like the ostrich, nor in living in a fool's paradise; but in facing facts as they are, and realising the invincibility of courage. The whole theme of Mr. H. G. Wells's great book *The Undying Fire* is a belief in unconquerable Courage and Love. The keynote of another great work, Mr. C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*, is not that the early Vision was unworthy, but that the dreadful facts of the past years have not justified it. Or so we read the book—for the final note is not one of pessimism. *The Adventure of Death* is a modern *Religio Medici* in its sane and hopeful outlook.

"Insight" is not quite the same thing as "Vision." It is rather the piercing through the web of conventional ideas and getting nearer to the real heart of things. Whether it be Night, or Language, or any other theme which the average man "takes for granted," the man of insight strikes through to its inner significance.

RHYTHMIC PROSE

That there is a rhythm of prose as well as of poetry has been recognised since the time of Aristotle, probably longer; but no one has yet succeeded in establishing a decisive Theory of Prose Rhythm, and the attempt will not be made here. Suffice it to say that no one can read the glorious English of the Authorised Version, or Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial*, or De Quincy's *Opium-Eater*, without being struck by the beautiful musical quality of their prose. Yet it is Prose, not Poetry. A glorious passage such as this: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," is wonderfully satisfying to one's sense of the beautiful. This is partly due to the musical sequence of vowel-sounds, partly to the beauty of its rhythm. But prose rhythm is free and elusive, not to be tied down by rules and conventions. And it would seem that the difference is just this: That whereas the rhythm of poetry is formal, metrical and repetitive, the key to prose rhythm—whether it depends finally on sense-stress, or whether it is physical, necessitated by the actual structure of words—is a subtle and informal variety.

MODERN PROSE

FIRST SECTION—THE ESSAY

A DEFENCE OF NONSENSE

THERE are two equal and eternal ways of looking at this twilight world of ours: we may see it as the twilight of evening or the twilight of morning; we may think of anything, down to a fallen acorn, as a descendant or as an ancestor. There are times when we are almost crushed, not so much with the load of the evil as with the load of the goodness of humanity, when we feel that we are nothing but the inheritors of a humiliating splendour. But there are other times when everything seems primitive, when the ancient stars are only sparks blown from a boy's bonfire, when the whole earth seems so young and experimental that even the white hair of the aged, in the fine biblical phrase, is like almond-trees that blossom, like the white hawthorn grown in May. That it is good for a man to realise that he is "the heir of all the ages" is pretty commonly admitted; it is a less popular but equally important point that it is good for him sometimes to realise that he is not only an ancestor, but an ancestor of primal antiquity; it is

the Lands of the Jumblies were absolutely nowhere. We fancy that if the account of the Knave's trial in *Alice in Wonderland* had been published in the seventeenth century it would have been bracketed with Bunyan's *Trial of Faithful* as a parody on the state prosecutions of the time. We fancy that if *The Dong with the Luminous Nose* had appeared in the same period every one would have called it a dull satire on Oliver Cromwell.

It is altogether advisedly that we quote chiefly from Mr. Lear's *Nonsense Rhymes.* To our mind he is both chronologically and essentially the father of nonsense; we think him superior to Lewis Carroll. In one sense, indeed, Lewis Carroll has a great advantage. We know what Lewis Carroll was in daily life: he was a singularly serious and conventional don, universally respected, but very much of a pedant and something of a Philistine. Thus his strange double life in earth and in dreamland emphasises the idea that lies at the back of nonsense—the idea of *escape,* of escape into a world where things are not fixed horribly in an eternal appropriateness, where apples grow on pear trees, and any odd man you meet may have three legs. Lewis Carroll, living one life in which he would have thundered morally against any one who walked on the wrong plot of grass, and another life in which he would cheerfully call the sun green and the moon blue, was, by his very divided nature, his one foot on both worlds, a perfect type of the position of modern nonsense. His Wonderland

a country populated by insane mathematicians. Ve feel the whole is an escape into a world of masquerade; we feel that if we could pierce their disguises, we might discover that Humpty Dumpty and the March Hare were Professors and Doctors of Divinity enjoying a mental holiday. This sense of escape is certainly less emphatic in Edward Lear, because of the completeness of his citizenship in the world of unreason. We do not know his prosaic biography as we know Lewis Carroll's. We accept him as a purely fabulous figure, on his own description of himself:

> His body is perfectly spherical,
> He weareth a runcible hat.

While Lewis Carroll's Wonderland is purely intellectual, Lear introduces quite another element—the element of the poetical and even emotional. Carroll works by the pure reason, but this is not so strong a contrast; for, after all, mankind in the main has always regarded reason as a bit of a joke. Lear introduces his unmeaning words and his amorphous creatures not with the pomp of reason, but with the romantic prelude of rich hues and haunting rhythms.

> Far and few, far and few,
> Are the lands where the Jumblies live,

is an entirely different type of poetry to that exhibited in *Jabberwocky*. Carroll, with a sense of mathematical neatness, makes his whole poem a mosaic of new an mysterious words. But Edward Lear, with mor subtle and placid effrontery, is always introduci scraps of his own elvish dialect into the middle

simple and rational statements, until we are almost stunned into admitting that we know what they mean. There is a genial ring of common sense about such lines as,

> For his aunt Jobiska said "Every one knows
> That a Pobble is better without his toes,"

which is beyond the reach of Carroll. The poet seems so easy on the matter that we are almost driven to pretend that we see his meaning, that we know the peculiar difficulties of a Pobble, that we are as old travellers in the "Gromboolian Plain" as he is.

Our claim that nonsense is a new literature (we might almost say a new sense) would be quite indefensible if nonsense were nothing more than a mere æsthetic fancy. Nothing sublimely artistic has ever arisen out of mere art, any more than anything essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of the pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any great æsthetic growth. The principle of *art for art's sake* is a very good principle if it means that there is a vital distinction between the earth and the tree that has its roots in the earth; but it is a very bad principle if it means that the tree could grow just as well with its roots in the air. Every great literature has always been allegorical—allegorical of some view of the whole universe. The *Iliad* is only great because all life is a battle, the *Odyssey* because all life is a journey, the Book of Job because all life is a riddle. There is one attitude in which we think that all existence is summed up in the word "ghosts";

other, and somewhat better one, in which we
nk it is summed up in the words *A Midsummer
ight's Dream*. Even the vulgarest melodrama or
etective story can be good if it expresses something
f the delight in sinister possibilities—the healthy
ust for darkness and terror which may come on us
any night in walking down a dark lane. If, therefore,
nonsense is really to be the literature of the future,
it must have its own version of the Cosmos to offer;
the world must not only be tragic, romantic, and
religious, it must be nonsensical also. And here w
fancy that nonsense will, in a very unexpected way,
come to the aid of the spiritual view of things.
Religion has for centuries been trying to make men
exult in the "wonders" of creation, but it has forgotten that a thing cannot be completely wonderful
so long as it remains sensible. So long as we regard a
tree as an obvious thing, naturally and reasonably
created for a giraffe to eat, we cannot properly wonder
at it. It is when we consider it as a prodigious wave
of the living soil sprawling up to the skies for no
reason in particular that we take off our hats, to the
astonishment of the park-keeper. Everything has in
fact another side to it, like the moon, the patroness
of nonsense. Viewed from that other side, a bird
is a blossom broken loose from its chain of stalk,
a man a quadruped begging on its hind legs, a
house a gigantesque hat to cover a man from the
sun, a chair an apparatus of four wooden legs for a
cripple with only two.

This is the side of things which tends most truly to spiritual wonder. It is significant that in the greatest religious poem existent, the Book of Job, the argument which convinces the infidel is not (as has been represented by the merely rational religionism of the eighteenth century) a picture of the ordered beneficence of the Creation; but, on the contrary, a picture of the huge and undecipherable unreason of it. "Hast Thou sent the rain upon the desert where no man is?" This simple sense of wonder at the shapes of things, and at their exuberant independence of our intellectual standards and our trivial definitions, is the basis of spirituality as it is the basis of nonsense. Nonsense and faith (strange as the conjunction may seem) are the two supreme symbolic assertions of the truth that to draw out the soul of things with a syllogism is as impossible as to draw out Leviathan with a hook. The well-meaning person who, by merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that "faith is nonsense," does not know how truly he speaks; later it may come back to him in the form that nonsense is faith.

G. K. Chesterton.

ON FINDING THINGS

After the passage of several years since I had picked up anything, last week I found successively a carriage key (in Royal Hospital Road), a brooch (in Church Street, Kensington), and sixpence in a third-class

compartment. It was as I stooped to pick up the sixpence, which had suddenly gleamed at me under the seat of the now empty carriage, that I said to myself that finding things is one of the purest of earthly joys.

And how rare!

I have, in a lifetime that now and then appals me by its length, found almost nothing. These three things this week; a brown-paper packet when I was about seven, containing eight pennies and one half-penny; on the grass in the New Forest, when I was about twenty, a half-dollar piece; and in Brighton, not long after, a gold brooch of just sufficient value to make it decent to take it to the police station, from which, a year later, no one having claimed it, it was returned to me; these constitute nearly half a century's haul. I might add—now and then, perhaps, a safety-pin, pencil, some other trifle, which, however well supplied with such articles one may be, cannot be acquired from a clear sky without a thrill. Even Mr. Rockefeller, I take it, would not have been unmoved had he, instead of myself, stumbled on that treasure between Stony Cross and Boldrewood.

To be given such things is not comparable. With a gift—intention, consciousness, preparation, come in to say nothing of obligation later. The event is als complicated (and therefore shorn of its glory) by th second person, since the gift must be given. B suddenly dropping one's eyes, to be aware of a coi that is sheer rapture. Other things can be exci

too, but a coin is best, because a coin is rarely identifiable. Moreover, I am naturally confining myself to those things the ownership of which could not possibly be traced. To find things which have to be surrendered is as impure a joy as the world contains, and no theme for this pen.

The special quality of the act of finding something, with its consequent exhilaration, is half unexpectedness and half separateness. There being no warning, and the article coming to you by chance, no one is to be thanked, no one to be owed anything. In short, you have achieved the greatest human triumph—you have got something for nothing. That is the true idea: the "nothing" must be absolute; one must never have looked, never have had any finding intention, or even hope. To look for things is to change the whole theory—to rob it of its divine suddenness; to become anxious, even avaricious; to partake of the nature of the rag-picker, the *chiffonier*, or those strange men that one notices walking, with bent heads, along the shore after a storm. (None the less that was a great moment, once, in the island of Coll, when after two hours' systematic searching I found the plover's nest.)

Finding things is at once so rare and pure a joy that to trifle with it is peculiarly heartless. Yet are there people so wantonly in need of sport as to do so. Everyone knows of the purse laid on the path or pavement beside a fence, which, as the excited passer-by stoops to pick it up, is twitched through

the palings by its adherent string. There is also the coin attached to a string which can be dropped in the street and instantly pulled up again, setting every eye at a pavement scrutiny. Could there be lower tricks? I fear so, because some years ago, in the great days of a rendezvous of Bohemians in the Strand known as the Marble Halls, a wicked wag (I have been told) once nailed a bad but plausible sovereign to the floor and waited events. In the case of the purse and string the butts are few and far between and there is usually only a small audience to rejoice in their discomfiture, but the *dénouement* of the cruel comedy of which acquisitiveness and cunning were the warp and woof at the Marble Halls was only too bitterly public. I am told, such is human resourcefulness in guile, that very few of those who saw the coin and marked it down as their own went for it right away, because had they done so the action might have been noticed and the booty claimed. Instead, the discoverer would look swiftly and stealthily round, and then gradually and with every affectation of nonchalance (which to those in the secret, watching from the corners of their wicked eyes, was so funny as to be an agony) he would get nearer and nearer until he was able at last to place one foot on it.

This accomplished, he would relax into something like real naturalness, and, practically certain of his prey, take things easily for a moment or so. Often, I am told, the poor dupe would, at this point, whistle

the latest tune. Even now, however, he dared not abandon subterfuge, or his prize, were he seen to pick it up, might have to be surrendered or shared; so the next move was to drop his handkerchief, the idea being to pick up both it and the sovereign together. Such explosions of laughter as followed upon his failure to do so can (I am informed) rarely have been heard.

—Such was the conspiracy of the nailed sovereign, which, now and then, the victim, shaking the chagrin from him, would without shame himself join, and become a delighted spectator of his successor's humiliation.

Can you conceive of a more impish hoax? But I should like to see it.

E. V. Lucas.

PRACTICAL JOKES

Practical jokes are still common, and it is worth while to inquire what is the motive of them. They may be distinguished from the older kind of practical joke, of which Theodore Hook was the great master, in that their victim is the public and not some particular person. The older kind has gone out of fashion except among high-spirited youths, who still perhaps set booby-traps and make apple-pie beds. The rest of us have become more civilised in our sense of humour; and, if we are to laugh at an individual, he

must himself supply the reason why we should laugh at him. To make him seem ridiculous by means of a practical joke is to cheat ourselves into laughter. Even if it is not cruel, it is bad art, like the mechanical excitements supplied by the scenery of the melodrama. But practical jokes practised on the public at large are still popular, partly because the public, not knowing who has practised them, cannot take its revenge, and partly because they make a stir which gives the joker a sense of power. He, no doubt, is usually a man who could not produce any kind of effect upon the public mind by any rational exercise of his faculties. To those who know him and have to do with him in the ordinary routine of his life he is a nobody; but, if he can set the world talking by means of a practical joke, he seems to himself a somebody, even though the world cannot put a name to him. He wins only an anonymous notoriety for a moment; but even that flatters him, for it means that he has a secret over which he can chuckle. In one respect at least he is wiser than all the world, for he alone knows who has played the joke upon it.

Officials, as representing the public, are often the victims of this kind of joke; and when it is practised upon them it has rather more point than when it is practised upon the public at large. For officials, besides representing the public, are commonly regarded as misrepresenting them, and therefore as being their enemies: and, since they have more power of revenge than the public at large, there is more

danger in hoaxing them. Thus the practical joke of the Captain of Koepenick met with a good deal of sympathy, for the public always like to laugh at officials; and, further, it was a real practical joke, in that it was a practical reduction to an absurdity of the soldier's habit of blind, mechanical obedience. In this case the joker merely pressed a button, as it were, which he had no right to press, with the result that men behaved as if they were machines set in motion by a purely material force. They themselves supplied a great part of the joke by their readiness to obey anyone; and it was a joke that could not have been played on them but for that weakness. It was, in fact, a satire upon discipline, and the very simplicity of the means by which it was produced only added to the force of it.

The term practical joke would have more point if it were used only of tricks of this kind—tricks which, like the plot of a good comedy, merely give the victims a chance of making themselves ridiculous. In its broader sense it is commonly a misnomer, for it is used of tricks which, however practical, are not jokes at all, since they do not illustrate or expose any weakness in the victim.

To ring a door-bell and then run away is not a joke, because to answer the bell when it is rung is a natural and proper practice with no individual absurdity in it. If that kind of joke amuses the joker, it is only because he is pleased with any exercise of his own power. Theodore Hook once gave a list in his own

magazine of practical jokes which he thought amusing, and they are nearly all of this pointless kind. One was to tie a piece of meat securely to the bell-handles which dangle outside the gates of certain suburban villas in the hope that every passing dog would grab at the meat and set the bell ringing. Probably the fun here lies in the notion that the inhabitants of suburban villas are an absurd people, whose function is to be the victims of a harlequinade in real life. To do Hook justice, he ends with a story illustrating the dangers of practical joking; but the fact remains that he thought his practical jokes were real jokes, whereas they were not jokes at all but mere human imitations of the cruelties of chance. Indeed, most practical jokers only prove their inability to make a real joke by their inordinate desire to do so. Nothing amuses them so much as a trick of chance played upon some one else; and they try to repeat this amusement by playing the part of chance themselves. M. Bergson, the philosopher of laughter, explains their sense of humour, but nothing can excuse it.

A "Times" Third Leader.

FREAKS OF MEMORY

It was my fortune not long since to meet again, in the flesh, the most famous of our prophets. I need not mention his name; enough to say that his cautious vaticination is on sale everywhere, even in

the streets. To my dismay he did not recognise me. Not that want of recognition is so rare—very far from it—but the surprise is that a being gifted with such preternatural vision should thus fail, when I, who am only an ordinary person, knew him again instantly. Long habits of fixing his penetrating gaze on the murky future have no doubt rendered the backward look less simple to him. Anyway, there we stood, I challenging him to remember me and he failing to do so. This momentary superiority of my own poor wits over those of a man who (all undismayed by the refusal of events always to fall into line) foretells so much, uplifted me; but the untrustworthiness of memory is so constant and lands one in such embarrassments that it is foolish for anyone to boast.

Among the marvels of the human machine, memory is, indeed, strangest. The great bewildering fact of memory at all—of the miracle of the brain—is, of course, as far beyond our finite apprehension as the starry heavens. Of that I never dare to think. But the minor caprices of memory may, fittingly enough, engage our wonder. The lawlessness of our prehensile apparatus, for example—the absurdly unreasoning system of selection of such things as are to be permanent—how explain these? And why should memory be subject also to that downward tendency in life which forces us always to fight if we would save the best? It would have been just as easy, at the start, when the whole affair was in the making, to

have given an upward impulse. That was not done, but the memory, at any rate, being all spirit, might have been exempted from the general law. But no; as we grow older, not only do we remember with less and less accuracy, but of what we retain much is inferior to that which once we had but now have lost.

I, for example, who once had long passages not only from the great poets, but also from the less great but often more intimate poets,—such as Matthew Arnold and William Cory, to mention two favourites,—at the tip of the tongue, now have to recite myself to sleep with a Bab Ballad. That rubbish never fails me, but I cannot at this moment give the right sequence of any two of the quatrains of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, although once, and for years, I had the whole poem complete too. I would rather have been left the wistful Persian than Gilbert's *Etiquette*, but the jade Memory had other views.

Any prose that I might once have learned naturally faded first, because there was no rhyme or metre to assist retention; but why is it that there is one sentence which, never wholly mine, flits so often before the inward eye? It is in that story of Mr. Kipling's of the mutinous elephant who refused to work because his master was too long absent. This master, one Dheesa (you will remember), having obtained leave for a jaunt, exceeded his term; and the sentence which recurs to me, hazily and hauntingly, often twice a day and usually once, with

no apparent reason or provocation, is this: "Dheesa had vagabonded along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste, and drinking, dancing, and tippling, had drifted past all knowledge of the lapse of time." Now, surely, out of all the thousands of books which I have read and more or less dimly remember, it is very strange that this should be almost the only sentence that is photographed on the mind.

Once I knew many psalms: I know them no longer, but I have never forgotten a ridiculous piece of dialogue in a book called *The World of Wit and Humour* which I was studying, on weekdays, at the same time, how many years ago:

"Father, I have spilt the butter. What shall I do?"
"Rub it briskly with a woollen fabric."
"Why?"
"Because friction generates caloric, which volatises the oleaginous particles of the stearine matter."

—And once I knew many psalms.

One of the odd things about what we call loss of memory is that it is catching. How often when one person forgets a name well known to him does his companion, to whom it is equally well known, forget it too. Why is that? The other day I had an excellent example of this curious epidemic. It was necessary for the name of a certain actor—not a star, but a versatile repertory actor of distinction—to be recalled in order that a letter to him might quickly be dispatched. I had forgotten his name, but I described

him and his methods with sufficient accuracy for everyone (there were about six of us) to recognise him. Some of us could even say in what parts we had seen him and compare notes as to his excellence, and yet his name absolutely eluded one and all. Why? We all knew it; why did we unanimously fail to know it then?

We parted intent upon obtaining this necessary information, my last sapient words being that to the best of my belief his first name was Joseph and his second began with P. On meeting again the next day, each of us had it pat enough, and it had broken upon each, more or less suddenly, during the night. Since the name was Michael Sherbrooke, you will understand why, in my case, its arrival was peculiarly gratifying. If I am not now known to those others as Mrs. Nickleby, it is only because they are so kindhearted.

The great mystery is, Where, while one is forgetting them, are the things one forgets, but suddenly will remember again? Where are they lurking? This problem of their whereabouts, their capacity to hide and elude, distresses me far more than one's inability to call them from the vasty deep of the brain. Or are they, perhaps, not there at all? Do they not, perhaps, have evenings out, times off for lunch and so forth, and thus we sometimes miss them? Or can there perhaps be some vast extra-mural territory of the brain from which facts have to be fetched—as, if one would consult old newspapers at the British

Museum, one must wait until the volumes can be brought from Hendon? The fact that they always, or nearly always, return, sooner or later, rather supports these theories.

E. V. Lucas.

EGGS: AN EASTER HOMILY

Having decided to write on Easter, I took out a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in order to look up the subject of eggs, and the first entry under "Egg" that met my eyes was:

"Egg, Augustus Leopold (1816–1863), English painter, was born on the second of May, 1816, in London, where his father carried on business as gun-maker."

I wish I had known about Augustus five years ago. I should like to have celebrated the centenary of an egg somewhere else than in a London tea-shop. Augustus Leopold Egg seems to have spent a life in keeping with his name. He was taught drawing by Mr. Sass, and in later years was a devotee of amateur theatricals, making a memorable appearance, as we should expect of an Egg, in a play called *Not so Bad as We Seem*. He also appears to have devoted a great part of his life to painting bad eggs, if we may judge by the titles of his most famous pictures—*Buckingham rebuffed, Queen Elizabeth discovers She is no longer Young, Peter the Great sees Catherine*

for the First Time, and *Past and Present, a Triple Picture of a Faithless Wife*. She was a lady, no doubt, who could not submit to the marriage yolk. Anyhow, she had a great fall, and Augustus did his best to put her together again. "Egg," the Encyclopædia tells us finally, "was rather below the middle height, with dark hair and a handsome, well-formed face." He seems to have been a man, take him for all in all: we shall not look upon his like again.

Even so, Augustus was not the only Egg. He was certainly not the egg in search of which I opened the Encyclopædia. The egg I was looking for was the Easter Egg, and it seemed to be the only egg that was not mentioned. There were birds' eggs, and reptiles' eggs, and fishes' eggs, and molluscs' eggs, and crustaceans' eggs, and insects' eggs, and frogs' eggs, and Augustus Egg, and the eggs of the duck-billed platypus, which is the only mammal (except the spiny ant-eater) whose eggs are provided with a large store of yolk, enclosed within a shell, and extruded to undergo development apart from the maternal tissues. I do not know whether it is evidence of the irrelevance of the human mind or of our implacable greed of knowledge, but within five minutes I was deep in the subject of eggs in general, and had forgotten all about the Easter variety. I found myself fascinated especially by the eggs of fishes. There were so many of them that one was impressed as one is on being told the population of London. "It has been calculated," says the writer

of the article, " that the number laid by the salmon is roughly about 100 to every pound weight of the fish, a fifteen-pound salmon laying 15,000 eggs. The sturgeon lays about 7,000,000; the herring 50,000, the turbot 14,311,000, the sole 134,000, the perch 280,000." This is the sort of sentence I always read over to myself several times. And when I come to " the turbot 14,311,000," I pause, and try to picture to myself the man who counted them. How does one count 14,311,000? How long does it take? If one lay awake all night, trying to put oneself to sleep by counting turbots' eggs instead of sheep, one would hardly have done more than make a fair start by the time the maid came in to draw the curtains and let in the sun on one's exhausted temples. A person like myself, ignorant of mathematics, could not easily count more than 10,000 in an hour. This would mean that, even if one lay in bed for ten hours, which one never does except on one's birthday, one would have counted only 100,000 out of the 14,311,000 eggs by the time one had to get up for breakfast. That would leave 14,211,000 still to be counted. At this point, most of us, I think, would give up in despair. After one horrible night's experience, we would jump into a hot bath, muttering " Never again! Never again! " like a statesman who can't think of anything to say, and send out for a quinine-and-iron tonic. Our friends meeting us later in the day would say with concern: " Hullo! you're looking rather cheap. What have you been doing? "; and

when we answered bitterly "Counting turbots' eggs," they would hurry off with an apprehensive look on their faces. The naturalist, it is clear, must be capable of a persistence that is beyond the reach of most of us. I calculate that, if he were able to work for fourteen hours a day, counting at the rate of 10,000 an hour, even then it would take him 122,214 days to count the eggs of a single turbot. After that it would take a chartered accountant at least 122,214 days to check his figures. One can gather from this some idea of the enormous industry of men of science. For myself, I could more easily paint the Sistine Madonna or compose a Tenth Symphony than be content to loose myself into this universe of numbers. Pythagoras, I believe, discovered a sort of philosophy in numbers, but even he did not count beyond seven.

After the fishes, the reptiles seem fairly modest creatures. The ordinary snake does not lay more than twenty or thirty eggs, and even the python is content to stop at a hundred. The crocodile, though a wicked animal, lays only twenty or thirty; the tortoise as few as two or four; and the turtle does not exceed two hundred. But I am not really interested in eggs—at least, in any eggs but birds' eggs—or should not have been, if I had not read the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* The sight of a fly's egg—if the fly lays an egg—fills me with disgust—and frogs' eggs attract me only with the fascination of repulsion. What one likes about the birds is that they lay such pretty eggs. Even the duck lays a pretty egg. The

duck is a plain bird, rather like a charwoman, but it lays an egg which is (or can be) as lovely as an opal. The flavour, I agree, is not Christian, but, like other eggs of which this can be said, it does for cooking. Hens' eggs are less attractive in colour, but more varied. I have always thought it one of the chief miseries of being a man that, when boiled eggs are put on the table, one does not get first choice, and that all the little brown eggs are taken by women and children before one's own turn comes round. There is one sort of egg with a beautiful sunburnt look that always reminds me of the seaside, and that I have not tasted in a private house for above twenty years. To begin the day with such an egg would put one in a good temper for a couple of hours. But always one is fobbed off with a large white egg of demonstrative uncomeliness. It may taste all right, but it does not look all right. Food should appeal to the eye as well as to the palate, as everyone recognises when the blanc-mange that has not set is brought to the table. At the same time, there is one sort of white egg that is quite delightful to look at. I do not know its parent, but I think it is a black hen of the breed called Spanish. Not everything white in Nature is beautiful. One dislikes instinctively white calves, white horses, white elephants, and white waistcoats. But the particular egg of which I speak is one of the beautiful white things—like snow, or a breaking wave, or teeth. So certain am I, however, that neither it nor the little brown one will ever come my way, while there is

woman or child or a guest to prevent it, that when I am asked how I like the eggs to be done I make it a point to say "poached" or "fried." It gives me at least a chance of getting one of the sort of eggs I like by accident. As for poached eggs, I agree. There are nine ways of poaching eggs, and each of them is worse than the other. Still, there is one good thing about poached eggs: one is never disappointed. One accepts a poached egg like fate. There is no sitting on tenter-hooks, watching and waiting and wondering, as there is in regard to boiled eggs. I admit that most of the difficulties associated with boiled eggs could be got over by the use of egg-cosies—appurtenances of the breakfast-table that stirred me to the very depths of delight when I first set eyes on them as a child. It was at a mothers' meeting, where I was the only male present. Thousands of women sat round me, sewing and knitting things for a church bazaar. Much might be written about egg-cosies. Much might be said for and much against. They would be effective, however, only if it were regarded as a point of honour not to look under the cosy before choosing the egg. And the sense of honour, they say, is a purely masculine attribute. Children never had it, and women have lost it. I do not know a single woman whom I would trust not to look under an egg-cosy—not, at least, unless she were forbidden eggs by the doctor. In that case, any egg would seem delicious, and she would seize earest, irrespective of class or colour.

This may not explain the connection between eggs and Easter. But then neither does the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I have looked up both the article on eggs and the article on Easter, and in neither of them can I find anything more relevant than such remarks as that " the eggs of the lizard are always white or yellowish, and generally soft-shelled; but the geckos and the green lizards lay hard-shelled eggs," or " Gregory of Tours relates that in 577 there was a doubt about Easter." In order to learn something about Easter eggs one has to turn to some such work as *The Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, which tells us that " the practice of presenting eggs to our friends at Easter is Magian or Persian, and bears allusion to the mundane egg, for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things." The advantage of reading *Tit-Bits* is that one gets to know hundreds of things like that. The advantage of not reading *Tit-Bits* is that one is so ignorant of them that a piece of information of this sort is as fresh and unexpected as the morning's news every Easter Monday. Next Easter, I feel sure, I shall look it up again. I shall have forgotten all about the mundane egg, even if Ormuzd and Ahriman have not. I shall be thinking more about my breakfast egg. What a piece of work is man! And yet many profound things might be said about eggs, mundane or otherwise. I wish I could have thought of them.

ROBERT LYND.

SECOND SECTION

THE PORTRAIT

GENERAL GORDON

GENERAL GORDON IN PALESTINE

DURING the year 1883 a solitary English gentleman was to be seen, wandering, with a thick book under his arm, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. His unassuming figure, short and slight, with its half-gliding, half-tripping motion, gave him a boyish aspect, which contrasted, oddly but not unpleasantly, with the touch of grey on his hair and whiskers. There was the same contrast—enigmatic and attractive—between the sunburnt brick-red complexion—the hue of the seasoned traveller—and the large blue eyes, with their look of almost childish sincerity. To the friendly inquirer, he would explain, in a low, soft, and very distinct voice, that he was engaged in elucidating four questions—the site of the Crucifixion, the line of division between the tribes of Benjamin and Judah, the identification of Gibeon, and the position of the Garden of Eden. He was also, he would add, most anxious to discover the spot where the Ark first touched ground, after the subsidence of the Flood: he believed, indeed, that he had solved that problem, as a reference

some passages in the book which he was carrying would show.

This singular person was General Gordon, and his book was the Holy Bible.

GORDON AT HOME

Perhaps if he had been ready to make the most of the wave of popularity which greeted him on his return—if he had advertised his fame, and, amid high circles, played the part of Chinese Gordon in a becoming manner—the results would have been different. But he was by nature *farouche*; his soul revolted against dinner-parties and stiff shirts; and the presence of ladies—especially of fashionable ladies—filled him with uneasiness. He had, besides, a deeper dread of the world's contaminations. And so, when he was appointed to Gravesend to supervise the erection of a system of forts at the mouth of the Thames, he remained there quietly for six years, and at last was almost forgotten. The neighbourhood was a poverty-stricken one, and the kind colonel, with his tripping step and simple manner, was soon a familiar figure in it, chatting with the seamen, taking provisions to starving families, or visiting some bedridden old woman to light her fire. He was particularly fond of boys. Ragged street arabs and rough sailor-lads crowded about him. They were made free of his house and garden; they visited him in the evenings for lessons and advice; he helped

them, found them employment, corresponded with them when they went out into the world. They were, he said, his *Wangs*. It was only by a singular austerity of living that he was able to afford such a variety of charitable expenses. The easy luxuries of his class and station were unknown to him: his clothes verged upon the shabby; and his frugal meals were eaten at a table with a drawer, into which the loaf and plate were quickly swept at the approach of his poor visitors. Special occasions demanded special sacrifices. When, during the Lancashire famine, a public subscription was opened, finding that he had no ready money, he remembered his Chinese medal, and, after effacing the inscription, sent it as an anonymous gift.

Except for his boys and his paupers he lived alone.

GORDON'S DEATH

He had been on the roof, in his dressing-gown, when the attack began; and he had only time to hurry to his bedroom, to slip on a white uniform, and to seize a sword and revolver, before the foremost of his assailants were in the palace. The crowd was led by four of the fiercest of the Mahdi's followers—tall and swarthy Dervishes, splendid in their many coloured *jibbehs*, their great swords drawn from thei scabbards of brass and velvet, their spears flourishin above their heads. Gordon met them at the top the stair-case. For a moment, there was a death

pause, while he stood in silence, surveying his antagonists. Then it is said that Taha Shahin, the Dongolawi, cried in a loud voice, " Mala 'oun el yom yomek! " (O cursed one, your time is come), and plunged his spear into the Englishman's body. His only reply was a gesture of contempt. Another spear transfixed him; he fell, and the swords of the other three Dervishes instantly hacked him to death. Thus, if we are to believe the official chroniclers, in the dignity of unresisting disdain, General Gordon met his end. But it is only fitting that the last moments of one whose whole life was passed in contradiction should be involved in mystery and doubt. Other witnesses told a very different story. The man whom they saw die was not a saint but a warrior. With intrepidity, with skill, with desperation, he flew at his enemies. When his pistol was exhausted, he fought on with his sword; he forced his way almost to the bottom of the staircase; and, among a heap of corpses, only succumbed at length to the sheer weight of the multitudes against him.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

ST. PAUL

AMONG all the great men of antiquity there is none, with the exception of Cicero, whom we may know so intimately as Saul of Tarsus. The main facts of

his career have been recorded by a contemporary, who was probably his friend and travelling companion. A collection of letters, addressed to the little religious communities which he founded, reveals the character of the writer no less than the nature of his work. Alone among the first preachers of Christianity, he stands before us as a living man. We know very little in reality of Peter and James and John, of Apollos and Barnabas. And of our divine Master no biography can ever be written.

With St. Paul it is quite different. He is a saint without a luminous halo. His personal characteristics are too distinct and too human to make idealisation easy. For this reason he has never been the object of popular devotion. Shadowy figures like St. Joseph and St. Anne have been divinised and surrounded with picturesque legends; but St. Paul has been spared the honour or the ignominy of being coaxed and wheedled by the piety of paganised Christianity. No tender fairy-tales are attached to his cult; he remains for us what he was in the flesh. It is even possible to feel an active dislike for him. Lagarde abuses him as a politician might vilify an opponent. "It is monstrous" (says he) "that men of any historical training should attach any importance to this Paul. This outsider was a Pharisee from top to toe even after he became a Christian"—and much more to the same effect. Nietzsche describes him as "one of the most ambitious of men, whose superstition was only equalled by his cunning. A much

tortured, much to be pitied man, an exceedingly unpleasant person both to himself and to others. . . . He has a great deal on his conscience. He alludes to enmity, murder, sorcery, idolatry, impurity, drunkenness, and the love of carousing." Renan, who could never have made himself ridiculous by such ebullitions as these, does not disguise his repugnance for the "ugly little Jew," whose character he can neither understand nor admire. These outbursts of personal animosity, so strange in modern critics dealing with a personage of ancient history, show how vividly his figure stands out from the canvas. There are very few historical characters who are alive enough to be hated. . . .

St. Paul did not belong to the upper class. He was a working artisan, a "tent-maker," who followed one of the regular trades of the place. Perhaps, as Deissmann thinks, the "large letters" of Gal. vi. 11 imply that he wrote clumsily, like a working man and not like a scribe. The words indicate that he usually dictated his letters. The *Acts of Paul and Thekla* describe him as short and bald, with a hook nose and beetling brows; there is nothing improbable in this description. But he was far better educated than the modern artisan. Not that a single quotation from Menander (I. Cor. xv. 33) shows him to be a good Greek scholar; an Englishman may quote "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" without being a Shakespearean. But he was well educated

because he was the son of a strict Jew. A child in such a home would learn by heart large pieces of the Old Testament, and, at the Synagogue school, all the *minutiæ* of the Jewish Law. The pupil was not allowed to write anything down; all was committed to the memory, which in consequence became extremely retentive. The perfect pupil "lost not a drop from his teacher's cistern." At the age of about fourteen the boy would be sent to Jerusalem, to study under one of the great Rabbis; in St. Paul's case it was Gamaliel. Under his tuition the young Pharisee would learn to be a "strong Churchman." . . .

St. Paul cannot reproach himself with any slackness during his novitiate. He threw himself into the system with characteristic ardour. Probably he meant to be a Jerusalem Rabbi himself, still practising his trade, as the Rabbis usually did. For he was unmarried; and every Jew except a Rabbi was expected to marry at or before the age of twenty-one.

He suffered from some obscure physical trouble, the nature of which we can only guess. It was probably epilepsy, a disease which is compatible with great powers of endurance and great mental energy, as is proved by the cases of Julius Cæsar and Napoleon. He was liable to mystical trances, in which some have found a confirmation of the supposition that he was epileptic. But these abnormal states were rare with him; in writing to the Galatians he has to go back fourteen years to the date when he was "caught up into the third heaven." The visions and voices which

attended his active ministry prove nothing about his health. At that time anyone who underwent a psychical experience for which he could not account believed that he was possessed by a spirit, good or bad. It is significant that Tertullian, at the end of the second century, says that "almost the majority of mankind derive their knowledge of God from visions." The impression that St. Paul makes upon us is that of a man full of nervous energy and able to endure an exceptional amount of privation and hardship. A curious indication, which has not been noticed, is that, as he tells us himself, he five times received the maximum number of lashes from Jewish tribunals. These floggings in the Synagogues were very severe, the operator being required to lay on with his full strength. There is evidence that in most cases a much smaller number of strokes than the full thirty-nine was inflicted, so as not to endanger the life of the culprit. The other trials which he mentions—three Roman scourgings, one stoning, a day and night spent in battling with the waves after shipwreck, would have worn out any constitution not exceptionally tough.

We must bear in mind this terrible record of suffering if we wish to estimate fairly the character of the man. During his whole life after his conversion he was exposed not only to the hardships of travel, sometimes in half-civilised districts, but to "all the cruelty of the fanaticism which rages like a consuming fire through the religious history of the East

from the slaughter of Baal's priests to the slaughter of St. Stephen, and from the butcheries of Jews at Alexandria under Caligula to the massacres of Christians at Adana, Tarsus, and Antioch in the year 1909" (Deissmann). It is one evil result of such furious bigotry that it kindles hatred and resentment in its victims, and tempts them to reprisals. St. Paul does speak bitterly of his opponents, though chiefly when he finds that they have injured his converts, as in the letter to the Galatians. Modern critics have exaggerated this element in a character which does not seem to have been fierce or implacable. He writes like a man engaged in a stern conflict against enemies who will give no quarter, and who shrink from no treachery. But the sharpest expression that can be laid to his charge is the impatient, perhaps half-humorous wish that the Judaisers who want to circumcise the Galatians might be subjected to a severer operation themselves (Gal. v. 12). The dominant impression that he makes upon us is that he was cast in a heroic mould. He is serenely indifferent to criticism and calumny; no power on earth can turn him from his purpose. He has made once for all a complete sacrifice of all earthly joys and all earthly ties; he has broken (he, the devout Jewish Catholic) with his Church and braved her thunders; he has faced the opprobrium of being called traitor, heretic, and apostate; he has "withstood to the face" the Palestinian apostles who were chosen by Jesus and held His commission; he has

set his face to achieve, almost single-handed, the conquest of the Roman Empire, a thing never dreamed of by the Jerusalem Church; he is absolutely indifferent whether his mission will cost him his life, or only involve a continuation of almost intolerable hardship. It is this indomitable courage, complete self-sacrifice, and single-minded devotion tc a magnificently audacious but not impracticable idea, which constitutes the greatness of St. Paul's character. He was, with all this, a warm-hearted and affectionate man, as he proves abundantly by the tone of his letters. His personal religion was, in essence, a pure mysticism; he worships a Christ whom he has experienced as a living presence in his soul. The mystic who is also a man of action because he is a mystic, wields a tremendous power over other men. He is like an invulnerable knight, fighting in magic armour.

DEAN INGE.

NAPOLEON

As we think of Napoleon Bonaparte what a world of visions and memories rises before the mind! Who does not know the outward form of the greatest conqueror and captain of modern times: the small, almost dwarfish, figure, the rounded symmetry of the head, the pale olive cheek and massive brow, the

nose and lips carved as it were from the purest marble of the antique world, and above all the deep-set eyes of lustrous grey, now flashing with electric fires, now veiled in impenetrable contemplation? The set of his figure is familiar too, as are the clothes in which it has been the delight of painters to portray him. We know the compact energy of his chest and shoulders, the flashing imperiosity of each gesture and movement, the white teeth and delicate hands, and the little cocked hat and long coat of grey in which he was used to ride to victory. Who has not seen him in print and picture, the gaunt young hero of the Republic charging with the flag at Arcola, the Emperor kneeling before the altar of Notre-Dame in the long and sumptuous robes of his coronation, the grim leader of a haggard cavalcade treading the deadly snows of a Russian winter, the cloaked figure upon a ship's deck with huddled shoulders and sunken chin and a far-off look of tragedy in his set and melancholy gaze? And the thoughts and feelings which glow into consciousness at the sound of this illustrious name are every whit as varied and chequered as the outward events of his life seen through the imagination of the painter. Perhaps in the whole range of history no one has aroused emotions so opposite and so intense, or within his own lifetime has claimed so much of the admiration the fear, and the hatred of mankind. Even the coldest critics of posterity view his course not only with mixed and blended judgments, but with a kind

bewilderment at the union in one life and character of so much grandeur and roguery, gold and alloy. For those to whom psychological analysis is wearisome he stands simply as the miraculous man of action, who without assistance of wealth or station mounted to the highest pinnacle of human fortune, supplying by the weight of one transcendent example a conclusive answer to the theory that the art and mystery of politics is an esoteric thing, a perquisite of pedigrees and privilege. The man of whom Madame de Staël said, that "of all the inheritance of his terrible power there remained only to the human race the deadly knowledge of some further secrets in the art of tyranny," is also the child of the Revolution, the most dazzling proof of his own democratic doctrine that in every society a career should be open to talent. And so long as men go to the past for the pathos and romance of great vicissitudes of fortune, or for the serious interest of feats of statesmanship, or for documents of human power and resolve, or for the more elusive secrets of the passionate temperament, or else that they may win an insight into the human forces which move the world, they will continue to study the life of Napoleon, and to find in it at the very least a story as wonderful as those of the giants and fairies, and at the most the greatest explosion of human energy which in modern times has altered the politics of civilised man.

HERBERT FISHER.

M. CLEMENCEAU AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

The figure and bearing of Clemenceau are universally familiar. At the Council of Four he wore a square-tailed coat of very good, thick black broad-cloth, and on his hands, which were never uncovered, grey suède gloves; his boots were of thick black leather, very good, but of a country style, and sometimes fastened in front, curiously, by a buckle instead of laces. His seat in the room in the President's house, where the regular meetings of the Council of Four were held (as distinguished from the private and un-attended conferences in a smaller chamber below), was on a square brocaded chair in the middle of the semi-circle facing the fire-place, with Signor Orlando on his left, the President next by the fire-place, and the Prime Minister opposite on the other side of the fire-place on his right. He carried no papers and no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal secretary, though several French ministers and officials appropriate to the particular matter in hand would be present round him. His walk, his hand, and his voice were not lacking in vigour, but he bore nevertheless, especially after the attempt upon him, the aspect of a very old man conserving his strength for important occasions. He spoke seldom, leaving the initial statement of the French

case to his ministers or officials; he closed his eyes often, and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment, his grey gloved hands clasped in front of him. A short sentence, decisive or cynical, was generally sufficient, a question, an unqualified abandonment of his ministers, whose face would not be saved, or a display of obstinacy reinforced by a few words in a piquantly delivered English. But speech and passion were not lacking when they were wanted, and the sudden outburst of words, often followed by a fit of deep coughing from the chest, produced their impression rather by force and surprise than by persuasion.

Not infrequently Mr. Lloyd George, after delivering a speech in English, would, during the period of its interpretation into French, cross the hearth-rug to the President to reinforce his case by some *ad hominem* argument in private conversation, or to sound the ground for a compromise,—and this would sometimes be the signal for a general upheaval and disorder. The President's advisers would press round him, a moment later the British experts would dribble across to learn the result or see that all was well, and next the French would be there, a little suspicious lest the others were arranging something behind them, until all the room were on their feet and conversation was general in both languages. My last and most vivid impression is of such a scene—the President and the Prime Minister as the centre of a surging mob and a babel of sound, a welter of eager,

npromptu compromises, all sound and fury signifying nothing, on what was an unreal question anyhow, the great issues of the morning's meeting forgotten and neglected; and Clemenceau, silent and aloof on the outskirts—for nothing which touched the security of France was forward—throned, in his grey gloves, on his brocaded chair, dry in soul and empty of hope, very old and tired, but surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air; and when at last silence was restored and the company had returned to their places, it was to discover that he had disappeared.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

THE GOOD DUKE

(A SATIRICAL PORTRAIT)

THE cannon is not the sole surviving relic of the Good Duke's rule. Turn where you please on his island domain, memories of that charming and incisive personality will meet your eye and ear; memories in stone—schools, convents, decayed castles and bathing chalets; memories in the spoken word—proverbs attributed to him, legends and traditions of his sagacity that still linger among the populace. *In the days of the Duke:* so runs a local saying, much as we speak of the "good old times." His amiable laughter-loving ghost pervades the capital to this hour. His pleas-

antics still resound among those crumbling theatres and galleries. That gleeful deviltry of his, compounded of blood and sunshine, is the epitome of Nepenthe. He is the scarlet thread running through its annals. An incarnation of all that was best in the age, he identified, for wellnigh half a century, his interests with those of his faithful subjects.

He meditated no conquests. It sufficed him to gain and to retain the affection of men in whose eyes he was not so much a prince, a feudal lord, as an indulgent and doting father. He was the ideal despot, a man of wide culture and simple tastes. "A smile," he used to say, "will sway the Universe." Simplicity he declared to be the keynote of his nature, the guiding motive of his governance. In exemplification whereof he would point to his method of collecting taxes—a marvel of simplicity. Each citizen paid what he liked. If the sum proved insufficient he was apprised of the fact next morning by having his left hand amputated: a second error of judgement—it happened rather seldom—was rectified by the mutilation of the remaining member. "Never argue with inferiors," was one of His Highness's most original and pregnant remarks, and it was observed that, whether he condescended to argue or not, he generally gained his point without undue loss of time.

"It's so simple," he would say to those perplexed potentates who flocked to him from the mainland for advice on administrative questions. "So simple! One knock to each nail. And keep smiling."

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It was the Good Duke Alfred who, with a shrewd ye to the future prosperity of his dominions, made he first practical experiments with those hot mineral springs—those healing waters whose virtues, up till then, had been unaccountably neglected. Realising their curative possibilities, he selected fifty of the oldest and wisest of his Privy Councillors to undergo a variety of hydro-thermal tests on their bodies, internal and external. Seven of these gentlemen had the good luck to survive the treatment. They receive the Order of the Golden Vine, a coveted distinction. The remaining forty-three, what was left of them, were cremated at night-time and posthumously ennobled. . . .

His high aspirations made him the precursor of many modern ideas. In educational and military matters, more especially, he ranks as a pioneer. He was a pedagogue by natural instinct. He took a sincere delight in the school-children, limited their weekly half-holidays to five, designed becoming dresses for boys and girls, decreed that lute playing and deportment should become obligatory subjects in the curriculum, and otherwise reformed the scholastic calendar which, before his day, had drifted into sad confusion and laxity. Sometimes he honoured the ceremony of prize-giving with his presence. On the other hand it must be admitted that, judged by modern standards, certain of his methods for punishing disobedience smack of downright pedantry. Thrice a year, on receiving from the Ministry o

Education a list containing the names of unsatisfactory scholars of either sex, it was his custom to hoist a flag on a certain hill-top; this was a signal for the Barbary pirates, who then infested the neighbouring ocean, to set sail for the island and buy up these perverse children, at purely nominal rates, for the slave-markets of Stamboul and Argier. They were sold ignominiously—by weight and not by the piece—to mark his unqualified disapproval of talking and scribbling on blotting-pads during school hours. . . .

His predecessors, intent only upon their pleasures, had given no thought to the possibility of a hostile invasion of their fair domain. But the Good Duke, despite his popularity, was frequently heard to quote with approval that wise old adage which runs "In peace, prepare for war." Convinced of the instability of all mundane affairs and being, moreover, a man of original notions as well as something of an artist in costumery, he was led to create that picturesque body of men, the local Militia, which survives to this day and would alone entitle him to the grateful notice of posterity. These elegant warriors, he calculated, would serve both for the purpose of infusing terror into the minds of potential enemies, and of acting as a decorative body-guard to enhance his own public appearances on gala days. He threw his whole soul into the enterprise. After the corps had been duly established, he amused himself by drilling them on Sunday afternoons and modelling new buttons for their uniforms; to give them the requisite military

stamina he over-fed and starved them by turns, wrapped them in sheepskin overcoats for long route-marches in July, exercised them in sham fights with live grapeshot and unblunted stilettos and otherwise thinned their ranks of undesirables, and hardened their physique by forcing them to escalade horrible precipices at midnight on horseback. He was a martinet; he knew it; he gloried in the distinction. "All the world loves a disciplinarian," he was wont to say.

Nevertheless, like many great princes, he realised that political reasons might counsel at times an abatement of rigour. He could relent and show mercy. He could interpose his authority in favour of the condemned.

He relented on one celebrated occasion which more than any other helped to gain for him the epithet of "The Good"—when an entire squadron of the Militia was condemned to death for some supposed mistake in giving the salute. The record, unfortunately, is somewhat involved in obscurity and hard to disentangle; so much is clear, however, that the sentence was duly promulgated and carried into effect within half an hour. Then comes the moot question of the officer in command who was obviously destined for execution with the rest of his men and who now profited, as events proved, by the clemency of the Good Duke. It appears that this individual, noted for a childlike horror of bloodshed (especially when practised on his own person), had unaccountably

absented himself from the ceremony at the last moment—slipping out of the ranks in order, as he said, to bid a last farewell to his two aged and widowed parents. He was discovered in a wine-shop and brought before a hastily summoned Court-martial. There his old military courage seems to have returned to him. He demonstrated by a reference to the instructions laid down in the Militiaman's Year-book that no mistake in saluting had been made, that his men had therefore been wrongfully convicted and illegally executed and that he, *a fortiori*, was innocent of any felonious intent. The Court, while approving his arguments, condemned him none the less to the indignity of a double decapitation for the offence of leaving his post without a signed permit from His Highness.

It was at this point that the Good Duke interposed on his behalf. He rescinded the decree; in other words, he relented. "Enough of bloodshed for one day," he was heard to remark, quite simply.

This speech was one of his happiest inspirations. Instantly it echoed from mouth to mouth; from end to end of his dominions. Enough of bloodshed for one day! That showed his true heart, the people declared. Enough of bloodshed! Their enthusiasm grew wilder when, in an access of princely graciousness, he repaired the lamentable excess of zeal by pinning the Order of the Golden Vine to the offending officer's breast; it rose to a veritable frenzy as soon as they learned that, by Letters Patent, the entire defunct squadron had

been posthumously ennobled. And this is only one of many occasions on which this ruler, by his intimate knowledge of human nature and the arts of government, was enabled to wrest good from evil, and thereby consolidate his throne.

NORMAN DOUGLAS.



THIRD SECTION

ATMOSPHERE

THE DEVIL-DANCE

A SCENE IN EAST AFRICA

The mists which had half concealed the Pare Mountains were drunk up by the sun, and the lovely outlines of these hills stood revealed, very blue and beautiful in the distance. But we had other things to think of than their beauty. Somewhere in that tangle of hills great forces of the enemy lay. Only a little the other side of the Lumi, a swift river whose bridges were held by our men, an enemy block-house on the spurs of the foot-hills kept watch over Taveta. Even now they must be watching our white canvas stretched out in the sun, and further to the south the great city of tents at M'buyuni, that standing menace which we had passed in the night. Somehow we had to drive the enemy from those hills, even if our columns were pushed into their utmost recesses; and, as I have said, they were fine rugged mountains, and hard enough to climb without the discouragement of Maxim fire.

But more than the distant masses of the Pare, more even than Lake Chala, that secret jewel, the dense forest that lies about the lower waters of the Lumi called me. From our camp at Taveta we could see

he edge of it, low and blue-black against the scorched grass of the plain. A road, a rusty earthen road, ran towards it from the neighbourhood of the empty hospital, winding through the coarse grass of the swamp, where many herds of goats were grazing, and always gently falling towards the level of the river. Here, in the open plain, the heat of the sun was very cruel, the way interminable, and to reach the shade of the forest edge was a great relief. Between the rough grass of the swamp and the edge of the forest lay no gradations of lesser trees nor even of open bush; so that one passed directly from the glare of the sun into a sort of green gloom which was very grateful. But the thing which marked the change from swamp to forest even more clearly than the lessening of the light was the sudden silence into which one entered. Out in the swamp, even without knowing it, one's ears had been accustomed to the innumerable murmurs of winged life. Here the silence was as profound as that which slumbers at the bottom of the sea, in great depths where there is no life at all. The trunks of the trees stood as motionless as though they had been carved out of coral, and the lianas with which they were hung seemed as little alive as the painted foliage of a theatre: for in these lowe levels of the forest no breath of air stirred. It wa only when I raised my eyes to the great heights abov me that I realised wherein the forest had its life. that remote clerestory a wealth of life moved. Th there were birds—and notably the pied horn

totem of the Wa-Tavets; there the gaudy floaters spread their wings; there all the beauty of the forest flowered, expanding under the light of the sun. Down below in the deep silence, I became conscious of a hidden energy, of the thin sap straining upwards, of everything reaching upwards. . . .

I walked a little way into the forest until I became aware of the sound of running water, and at length pushed my way to the bank of a swift stream. This was the Lumi, a brown river rushing between steep banks. At the point where I struck it the water swirled into a deep pool, and the sunlight, which here beat vertically upon its surface through the parting of the trees, showed a bottom of tawny sand dappled with light which tempted me to bathe. While I was standing here entranced with that race of brown water and its noise, another sound came to my ears, the beating of a distant drum. Over there somewhere in the heart of the forest an N'goma was being held. How far away it might be I could not guess, but it was a thrilling sound that would not let me be until I had traced it to its source. The only thing about its direction that was certain was that it lay somewhere beyond the river.

In three places I tried to make a crossing, and once, indeed, I thought I had succeeded, only to find that the arm which I had crossed was nothing more than a creek or backwater of the main stream. It seemed that the river here made a loop, and that the sound of drumming came from the middle of the peninsula

which it enfolded. At last, in the midst of a swiftly flowing rapid, I came to a place where a tree had been felled by fire. Above the bank where it lay the red earth was trampled, and by this I knew that it had been meant for a bridge. I crossed it, though this was no easy matter, and thrusting again into the forest, found that the peninsula was nothing more than a great swamp full of marshy air. From among the trunks of the greater trees all undergrowth had been cleared away, and bananas had been planted in thousands. In their struggle to reach the sun these plantations had grown to a great height, and their flat fleshy leaves shut out the little light which filtered through. It was a strange and gloomy place, in which one gasped for air. The soil was all oozy and black and trodden with such a maze of twisting paths that one could not tell where to go.

For a mile or so I steered by the sound of drumming, which never ceased, and I cannot say that it ever seemed to grow nearer. It seemed that one could wander for hours and hours in this forest and never find a village. But at last I saw between the trees a moving procession; a small naked boy driving a herd of nearly a hundred goats. In his hand he carried a little spear. Now, at any rate, I argued, I must be near some village, for the udders of the goats were full, and they were surely being driven home to be milked. The naked boy was not afraid of me. He raised his hand to his brow in salutation. I gave him "Jambo," to which he replied, and I followed it up

with the conventional "Habari gani?" "What's the news?" "M'zuri" . . . "Good," says he. And we left it at that.

I followed the oozy path which he was taking, and then, all of a sudden, became aware that the drumming was very near. And now there was another sound, the shrill scream of a woman in pain. My small herdsman took no heed of these things: he had more serious work in hand. It was so dark beneath the flat banana leaves that I could scarcely see. I had come to a little clearing in the forest in the centre of which the drummer stood. He was a man of middle age, and beat with his hands upon a goatskin stretched over a tree-trunk hollowed by fire which he held between his knees. The rhythm which he hammered out upon this drum, and which never changed, although the vehemence of his beating was often varied, was what musicians call "three-eight" time; a succession of galloping triplets, almost continuous, with the faintest possible emphasis on the first note of every three. While he played his drum he sang to a tune as monotonous as his rhythm certain words which did not resemble any sounds in Ki-Swahili which I knew. At his side a younger boy crouched, beating out the same rhythm upon an empty German petrol tin, while a second child, standing beside the drum, supplied a sort of syncopated accompaniment to his father's drumming. None of these male performers seemed to take the business very seriously; the man smiled at me, and

the boys stared, though their hands were still busy. But with the women, of whom there were a great many more, the dance was a far more serious affair.

Perhaps there were twenty of them of every age from puberty to extreme old age. They were almost naked, and not one of them could have been considered physically attractive in any degree apart from one young girl, decorated as a bride, whose body had a certain yielding grace. It was she, poor thing, whom I had heard screaming in the depths of the wood. When I came near to their circle she was just recovering from the ecstasy into which she had been thrown. She lifted herself from the ground and staggered in a dazed fashion to the line of other women, taking her place next to an ancient creature who was working her withered hips as though the whole thing were an unconscionable bore which it was her duty to countenance. But the wretched girl at her side could not treat the matter so lightly. She had a ridiculously small shaven head, which reminded me of the heads of the Mantis family of insects—sc small that only an insect's intelligence could hid(within it. It was this head which she began to mov(in time to the drum music, and with her head he whole body swayed. Then, one by one, the differen parts of her body took up the rhythm, gently at firs but later with a devastating intensity until, at las the whole organism was possessed by that ove mastering music, and to the movements whi(marked the bars was added a series of subordina

twitches representing the bar's individual notes, so that the woman's body was nothing but a mass of ghastly quivering muscles. Perhaps it was the stifling air of the place imprisoned by the flat banana leaves, perhaps the slightly sickening odour of black flesh, and above all that devilish rhythm from which there was no escape, but in any case I experienced a feeling very near to physical nausea. And the woman was suffering too. She clutched at her breasts, with hands that were not her own, as though she must try to tear the devil from her; and then there was wrung from her lips a shrill shuddering cry which was like no human voice. She fell to the ground, and lay there still twitching. But even then the music would not let her be. It seemed as if she could not more utterly surrender herself to its possession, and yet some impulse forced her to crawl towards the drum itself and thrust her tortured head within the hollow trunk beneath it.

Even on a spectator the awful monotony of the rhythm had begun to exercise some hypnotic effect. It seemed as if the business could not go on much longer without something happening beyond one's strict control. There could be no other end to it. I remembered suddenly certain meadows of my childhood where there was a water-wheel, and a most placid mill-pond, spanned in its narrowest part by a bridge of planking. I remembered how I used to stand at one end of the plank and set it vibrating, gently at first, and then, little by little,

more violently, until beneath the cumulative strain it seemed as if the plank must give at last and be broken. The strain of this dominating rhythm was something like that. I wondered how much more of it the girl with the head of an insect could stand. And then, suddenly, the music stopped. For several minutes afterwards the muscles of the possessed continued to twitch, and then, at last, she gave a shuddering sigh and lay still.

The man gave me a courteous greeting. I asked him what kind of N'goma this might be. A devil dance, said he. His speech was very difficult for me to understand; but at length I realised that the devil which they were exorcising, the devil which was supposed to escape from the tortured bodies of the women in the cries which they uttered, was the devil of fever. In his village, he told me, there were many sick, and many more had died. I then saw for the first time how terribly ill and emaciated all that little company looked, and the awful atmosphere of that village was borne in on me in the picture of this small community living miserably in the twilight of their banana swamp, stubbornly fighting an enemy from whom they could never escape. Under the flat banana leaves it was now growing very dark: the air was laden with the smell of the dancers' flesh. I was glad to leave them and their horror, for in a little while mosquitoes would take the air, and I was not eager to try conclusions with their devil.

. . . . . .

When I emerged from the stifling atmosphere of the forest, I found that it was a good deal earlier than I had imagined under the shadows of the trees. It was not nearly sunset, and yet the sun had sunk so low that the land was wrapped in a mellow light, having reached that hour of the day which is most grateful in the tropics, when to all living things that have lain prostrate beneath the sun's power there comes a sudden and sweet relief.

In this delightful hour I set off again up the slope towards Taveta, which lay very small and flat beneath the edge of wooded hills. At first I did not guess the reason for this change of perspective, for the place seemed much humbler than when I had left it—but suddenly I realised that since I had been away the foothills had become darker, and more plain; and as I walked onwards through the swamp the curtains of mist were very gently lifted, disclosing blue forest lawns which I had not imagined to be there. These foothills, it seemed, were greater far than I had supposed. Out of the mist range after range materialised, until, through those dissolving veils there loomed a shape far mightier than any which my brain could have conceived: Kilimanjaro, the greatest mountain of all Africa. Now that the sun had quite gone from our lowly sight, the glaciers of the fluted crater of Kibo shone with an amazing whiteness, while the snows of the sister peak, Mawenzi, were cold in shade.

The magnitude of these lovely shapes was overwhelming, for they do not rise, as do the other African

eaks, from the base of a mountainous tableland, out from the edge of a low plain, not two thousand feet above the sea-level. Since then I have seen the great mountain in many guises: as a dim ghost dominating the lower waters of the Pangani; as a filmy cone, imponderable as though it were carven out of icy vapours, gleaming upon hot plains a hundred miles away; as the shadow which rises from the level skylines of the great game reserve; but never did it seem so wonderful as on that night when it was first revealed to me, walking from the Lumi forest to Taveta. There was indeed something ceremonious in its unveiling, and the memory of that vast immanence coloured all the evening of our departure.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

THE RIDGE

THE Brienzer Grat is an extraordinary thing. It is quite straight; its summits are, of course, of different heights, but from below they seem even, like a ridge: and, indeed, the whole mountain is more like a ridge than any other I have seen. At one end is a peak called the "Red Horn," the other end falls suddenly above Interlaken, and it is as steep as anything ca be short of sheer rock. There are no precipices on i though there are nasty slabs quite high enough kill a man—I saw several of three or four hund

feet. It is about five or six thousand feet high, and it stands right up and along the northern shore of the lake of Brienz. I began the ascent.

Spongy meads, that soughed under the feet and grew steeper as one rose, took up the first few hundred feet. Little rivulets of mere dampness ran in among the under moss, and such very small hidden flowers as there were drooped with the surfeit of moisture. The rain was now indistinguishable from a mist, and indeed I had come so near to the level belt of cloud, that already its gloom was exchanged for that diffused light which fills vapours from within and lends them their mystery. A belt of thick brushwood and low trees lay before me, clinging to the slope, and as I pushed with great difficulty and many turns to right and left through its tangle a wisp of cloud enveloped me, and from that time on I was now in, now out, of a deceptive drifting fog, in which it was most difficult to gauge one's progress.

Now and then a higher mass of rock, a peak on the ridge, would show clear through a corridor of cloud and be hidden again; also at times I would stand hesitating before a sharp wall or slab, and wait for a shifting of the fog to make sure of the best way round. I struck what might have been a loose path or perhaps only a gully; lost it again and found it again. In one place I climbed up a jagged surface for fifty feet, only to find when it cleared that it was no part of the general ascent, but a mere obstacle which might have been outflanked. At another time

I stopped for a good quarter of an hour at an edge that might have been an indefinite fall of smooth rock, but that turned out to be a short drop, easy for a man, and not much longer than my body. So I went upwards always, drenched and doubting, and not sure of the height I had reached at any time.

At last I came to a place where a smooth stone lay between two pillared monoliths, as though it had been put there for a bench. Though all around me was dense mist, yet I could see above me the vague shape of a summit looming quite near. So I said to myself—

"I will sit here and wait till it grows lighter and clearer, for I must now be within two or three hundred feet of the top of the ridge, and as anything at all may be on the other side, I had best go carefully and knowing my way."

So I sat down facing the way I had to go and looking upwards, till a movement of the air might show me against a clear sky the line of the ridge, and so let me estimate the work that remained to do. I kept my eyes fixed on the point where I judged the sky-line to lie, lest I should miss some sudden gleam revealing it; and as I sat there I grew mournful and began to consider the folly of climbing this great height on an empty stomach. The soldiers of the Republic fought their battles often before breakfast, but never, I think, without having drunk warm coffee, and no one should attempt great efforts without some such refreshment before starting. Indeed, my fasting, and the rare thin air of the height, the

chill and the dampness that had soaked my thin clothes through and through, quite lowered my blood and left it piano, whimpering and irresolute. I shivered and demanded the sun.

Then I bethought me of the hunk of bread I had stolen, and pulling it out of my haversack I began to munch that ungrateful breakfast. It was hard and stale, and gave me little sustenance; I still gazed upwards into the uniform meaningless light fog, looking for the ridge.

Suddenly, with no warning to prepare the mind, a faint but distinct wind blew upon me, the mist rose in a wreath backwards and upwards, and I was looking through clear immensity, not at any ridge, but over an awful gulf at great white fields of death. The Alps were right upon me and before me, overwhelming and commanding empty downward distances of air. Between them and me was a narrow dreadful space of nothingness and silence, and a sheer mile below us both, a floor to that prodigious hollow, lay the little lake.

My stone had not been a halting-place at all, but was itself the summit of the ridge, and those two rocks on either side of it framed a notch upon the very edge and sky-line of the high hills of Brienz.

Surprise and wonder had not time to form in my spirit before both were swallowed up by fear. The proximity of that immense wall of cold, the Alps, seen thus full from the level of its middle height and comprehended as it cannot be from the depths;

; suggestion of something never changing through-
ıt eternity—yet dead—was a threat to the eager
ıind. They, the vast Alps, all wrapped round in
:e, frozen, and their immobility enhanced by the
lelicate, roaming veils which (as from an attraction)
ıovered in their hollows, seemed to halt the process
ɔf living. And the living soul whom they thus perturbed was supported by no companionship. There were no trees or blades of grass around me, only the uneven and primal stones of that height. There were no birds in the gulf; there was no sound. And the whiteness of the glaciers, the blackness of the snow-streaked rocks beyond, was glistening and unsoftened. There had come something evil into their sublimity. I was afraid.

Nor could I bear to look downwards. The slope was in no way a danger. A man could walk up it without often using his hands, and a man could go down it slowly without any direct fall, though here and there he would have to turn round at each dip or step and hold with his hands and feel a little for his foothold. I suppose the general slope, down, down, to where the green began was not sixty degrees, but have you ever tried looking down five thousand feet at sixty degrees? It drags the mind after it, and I could not bear to begin the descent.

However I reasoned with myself. I said to myself that a man should only be afraid of real dangers. That nightmare was not for the daylight. That there was now no mist but a warm sun. Then choosing a

gully where water sometimes ran, but now dry, I warily began to descend, using my staff and leaning well backwards.

There was this disturbing thing about the gully, that it went in steps, and before each step one saw the sky just a yard or two ahead: one lost the comforting sight of earth. One knew, of course, that it would only be a little drop, and that the slope would begin again, but it disturbed one. And it is a trial to drop or clamber down, say fourteen or fifteen feet, sometimes twenty, and then to find no flat foothold but that eternal steep beginning again. . . .

I went very slowly. When I was about half-way down and had come to a place where a shoulder of heaped rock stood on my left and where little parallel ledges led up to it, having grown accustomed to the descent and easier in my mind, I sat down on a slab and drew imperfectly the things I saw: the lake below me, the first forests clinging to the foot of the Alps beyond, their highest slopes of snow, and the clouds that had now begun to gather round them and that altogether hid the last third of their enormous height.

Then I saw a steamer on the lake. I felt in touch with men. The slope grew easier. I snapped my fingers at the great devils that haunt high mountains. I sniffed the gross and comfortable air of the lower valleys. I entered the belt of wood and was soon going quite a pace through the trees, for I had found a path, and was now able to sing. So I did.

At last I saw through the trunks, but a few hundred eet below me, the highroad that skirts the lake. I left the path and scrambled straight down to it. I came to a wall which I climbed, and found myself in somebody's garden. Crossing this and admiring its wealth and order (I was careful not to walk on the lawns), I opened a little private gate and came on to the road, and from there to Brienz was but a short way along a fine hard surface in a hot morning sun, with the gentle lake on my right hand not five yards away, and with delightful trees on my left, caressing and sometimes even covering me with their shade.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

INITIATION

THE love that is given to ships is profoundly different from the love men feel for every other work of their hands—the love they bear to their houses, for instance —because it is untainted by the pride of possession. The pride of skill, the pride of responsibility, the pride of endurance there may be, but otherwise it is a disinterested sentiment. No seaman ever cherished a ship, even if she belonged to him, merely because of the profit she put in his pocket. No one, I think, ever did; for a ship-owner, even of the best, has always been outside the pale of that sentiment em-

bracing in a feeling of intimate, equal fellowship the ship and the man, backing each other against the implacable, if sometimes dissembled, hostility of their world of waters. The sea—this truth must be confessed—has no generosity. No display of manly qualities—courage, hardihood, endurance, faithfulness—has ever been known to touch its irresponsible consciousness of power. The ocean has the conscienceless temper of a savage autocrat spoiled by much adulation. He cannot brook the slightest appearance of defiance, and has remained the irreconcilable enemy of ships and men ever since ships and men had the unheard-of audacity to go afloat together in the face of his frown. From that day he has gone on swallowing up fleets and men without his resentment being glutted by the number of victims—by so many wrecked ships and wrecked lives. To-day, as ever, he is ready to beguile and betray, to smash and to drown the incorrigible optimism of men who, backed by the fidelity of ships, are trying to wrest from him the fortune of their house, the dominion of their world, or only a dole of food for their hunger. If not always in the hot mood to smash, he is always stealthily ready for a drowning. The most amazing wonder of the deep is its unfathomable cruelty.

I felt its dread for the first time in mid-Atlantic one day, many years ago, when we took off the crew of a Danish brig homeward bound from the West Indies. A thin, silvery mist softened the calm and majestic splendour of light without shadows—seemed to render

the sky less remote and the ocean less immense. It was one of the days, when the might of the sea appears indeed lovable, like the nature of a strong man in moments of quiet intimacy. At sunrise we had made out a black speck to the westward, apparently suspended high up in the void behind a stirring, shimmering veil of silvery blue gauze that seemed at times to stir and float in the breeze which fanned us slowly along. The peace of that enchanting forenoon was so profound, so untroubled, that it seemed that every word pronounced loudly on our deck would penetrate to the very heart of that infinite mystery born from the conjunction of water and sky. We did not raise our voices. "A water-logged derelict, I think, sir," said the second officer quietly, coming down from aloft with the binoculars in their case slung across his shoulders; and our captain, without a word, signed for the helmsman to steer for the black speck. Presently we made out a low, jagged stump sticking up forward—all that remained of her departed masts.

The captain was expatiating in a low conversational tone to the chief mate upon the danger of these derelicts, and upon his dread of coming upon them at night, when suddenly a man forward screamed out, "There's people on board of her, sir! I see them!" in a most extraordinary voice—a voice never heard before in our ship; the amazing voice of a stranger. It gave the signal for a sudden tumult of shouts. The watch below ran up the forecastle head in a body, the cook dashed out of the galley. Everybody saw th

poor fellows now. They were there! And all at once our ship, which had the well-earned name of being without a rival for speed in light winds, seemed to us to have lost the power of motion, as if the sea, becoming viscous, had clung to her sides. And yet she moved. Immensity, the inseparable companion of a ship's life, chose that day to breathe upon her as gently as a sleeping child. The clamour of our excitement had died out, and our living ship, famous for never losing steerage way as long as there was air enough to float a feather, stole, without a ripple, silent and white as a ghost, towards her mutilated and wounded sister, come upon at the point of death in the sunlit haze of a calm sea.

With the binoculars glued to his eyes, the captain said in a quavering tone: "They are waving to us with something aft there." He put down the glasses on the skylight brusquely, and began to walk about the poop. "A shirt or a flag," he ejaculated irritably. "Can't make it out . . . some damn rag or other!" He took a few more turns on the poop, glancing down over the rail now and then to see how fast we were moving. His nervous footsteps rang sharply in the quiet of the ship, where the other men, all looking the same way, had forgotten themselves in a staring immobility. "This will never do!" he cried out suddenly. "Lower the boats at once! Down with them!"

Before I jumped into mine he took me aside, as being an inexperienced junior, for a word of warning:

"You look out as you come alongside that she doesn't take you down with her. You understand?"

He murmured this confidentially, so that none of the men at the falls should overhear, and I was shocked. "Heavens! as if in such an emergency one stopped to think of danger!" I exclaimed to myself mentally, in scorn of such cold-blooded caution.

It takes many lessons to make a real seaman, and I got my rebuke at once. My experienced commander seemed in one searching glance to read my thoughts on my ingenuous face.

"What you're going for is to save life, not to drown your boat's crew for nothing," he growled severely in my ear. But as we shoved off he leaned over and cried out: "It all rests on the power of your arms, men. Give way for life!"

We made a race of it, and I would never have believed that a common boat's crew of a merchantman could keep up so much determined fierceness in the regular swing of their stroke. What our captain had clearly perceived before we left had become plain to all of us since. The issue of our enterprise hung on a hair above that abyss of waters which will not give up its dead till the Day of Judgment. It was a race of two ship's boats matched against Death for a prize of nine men's lives, and Death had a long start. We saw the crew of the brig from afar working at the pumps—still pumping on that wreck, which already had settled so far down that the gentle, low swell, over which our boats rose and fell easily

without a check to their speed, welling up almost level with her head-rails, plucked at the ends of broken gear swinging desolately under her naked bowsprit.

We could not, in all conscience, have picked out a better day for our regatta had we had the free choice of all the days that ever dawned upon the lonely struggles and solitary agonies of ships since the Norse rovers first steered to the westward against the run of Atlantic waves. It was a very good race. At the finish there was not an oar's length between the first and second boat, with Death coming in a good third on the top of the very next smooth swell, for all we knew to the contrary. The scuppers of the brig gurgled softly all together when the water rising against her sides subsided sleepily with a low wash, as if playing about an immovable rock. Her bulwarks were gone fore and aft, and one saw her bare deck low-lying like a raft and swept clean of boats, spars, houses—of everything except the ring-bolts and the heads of the pumps. I had one dismal glimpse of it as I braced myself up to receive upon my breast the last man to leave her, the captain, who literally let himself fall into my arms.

It had been a weirdly silent rescue—a rescue without a hail, without a single uttered word, without a gesture or a sign, without a conscious exchange of glances. Up to the very last moment those on board stuck to their pumps, which spouted two clear streams of water upon their bare feet. Their brown

skin showed through the rents of their shirts; and the two small bunches of half-naked, tattered men went on bowing from the waist to each other in their back-breaking labour, up and down, absorbed, with no time for a glance over the shoulder at the help that was coming to them. As we dashed, unregarded, alongside a voice let out one hoarse howl of command, and then, just as they stood, without caps, with the salt drying grey in the wrinkles and folds of their hairy, haggard faces, blinking stupidly at us their red eyelids, they made a bolt away from the handles, tottering and jostling against each other, and positively flung themselves over upon our very heads. The clatter they made [illegible]

at the life of my choice. Its illusions were gone, but its fascination remained. I had become a seaman at last.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

A ROUGH PASSAGE

My voyage from the middle island was wild. The morning was so stormy, that in ordinary circumstances I would not have attempted the passage, but as I had arranged to travel with a curagh that was coming over for the parish priest—who is to hold stations on Inishmaan—I did not like to draw back.

I went out in the morning and walked up to the cliffs as usual. Several men I fell in with shook their heads when I told them I was going away, and said they doubted if a curagh could cross the sound with the sea that was in it.

When I went back to the cottage I found the curate had just come across from the south island, and had had a worse passage than any he had yet experienced.

The tide was to turn at two o'clock, and after that it was thought the sea would be calmer, as the wind and the waves would be running from the same point. We sat about in the kitchen all the morning, with men coming in every few minutes to give their

opinion whether the passage should be attempted, and at what points the sea was likely to be at its worst.

At last it was decided we should go, and I started for the pier in a wild shower of rain with the wind howling in the walls. The schoolmaster and a priest who was to have gone with me came out as I was passing through the village and advised me not to make the passage; but my crew had gone on towards the sea, and I thought it better to go after them. The eldest son of the family was coming with me, and I considered that the old man, who knew the waves better than I did, would not send out his son if there was more than reasonable danger.

I found my crew waiting for me under a high wall below the village, and we went on together. The island had never seemed so desolate. Looking out over the black limestone through the driving rain to the gulf of struggling waves, an indescribable feeling of dejection came over me.

The old man gave me his view of the use of fear.

"A man who is not afraid of the sea will soon be drownded," he said, "for he will be going out on a day he shouldn't. But we do be afraid of the sea, and we do only be drownded now and again."

A little crowd of neighbours had collected lower down to see me off, and as we crossed the sandhills we had to shout to each other to be heard above the wind.

The crew carried down the curagh, and then stood

under the lee of the pier tying on their hats with string and drawing on their oilskins.

They tested the braces of the oars, and the oar-pins, and everything in the curagh with a care I had not yet seen them give to anything, then my bag was lifted in, and we were ready. Besides the four men of the crew a man was going with us who wanted a passage to this island. As he was scrambling into the bow, an old man stood forward from the crowd.

"Din't take that man with you," he said. "Last week they were taking him to Clare and the whole of them were near drownded. Another day he went to Inisheer and they broke three ribs of the curagh and they coming back. There is not the like of him for ill-luck in the three islands."

"The divil choke your old gob," said the man, "you will be talking."

We set off. It was a four-oared curagh, and I was given the last seat so as to leave the stern for the man who was steering with an oar, worked at right angles to the others by an extra thole-pin in the stern gunwale.

When we had gone about a hundred yards they ran up a bit of a sail in the bow, and the pace became extraordinarily rapid.

The shower had passed over and the wind had fallen; but large, magnificently brilliant waves were rolling down on us at right angles to our course.

Every instant the steersman whirled us round with a sudden stroke of his oar, the prow reared up and

then fell into the next furrow with a crash, throwing up masses of spray. As it did so, the stern in its turn was thrown up, and both the steersman—who let go his oar and clung with both hands to the gunwale —and myself were lifted high up above the sea.

The wave passed, we regained our course and rowed violently for a few yards, when the same manœuvre had to be repeated. As we worked out into the sound we began to meet another class of wave, that could be seen for some distance towering above the rest.

When one of these came in sight, the first effort was to get beyond its reach. The steersman began crying out in Gaelic, "Siubhal, siubhal" (Run, run), and sometimes, when the mass was gliding towards us with horrible speed, his voice rose to a shriek. Then the rowers themselves took up the cry, and the curagh seemed to leap and quiver with the frantic terror of a beast till the wave passed behind it or fell with a crash beside the stern.

It was in this racing with the waves that our chief danger lay. If the wave could be avoided, it was better to do so; but if it overtook us while we were trying to escape, and caught us on the broadside, our destruction was certain. I could see the steersman quivering with the excitement of his task, for any error in his judgment would have swamped us.

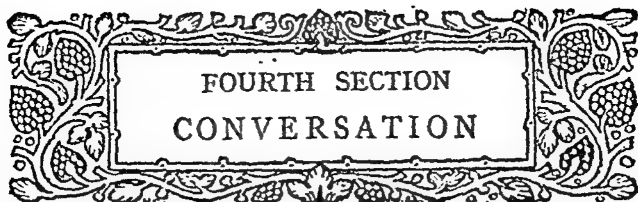
We had one narrow escape. A wave appeared high above the rest, and there was the usual moment of intense exertion. It was of no use, and in an instant the wave seemed to be hurling itself upon us. With

a yell of rage the steersman struggled with his oar to bring our prow to meet it. He had almost succeeded when there was a crash and a rush of water round us. I felt as if I had been struck upon the back with knotted ropes. White foam gurgled round my knees and eyes. The curagh reared up, swaying and trembling for a moment, and then fell safely into the furrow.

This was our worst moment, though more than once, when several waves came so closely together that we had no time to regain control of the curagh between them, we had some dangerous work. Our lives depended upon the skill and courage of the men, as the life of the rider or swimmer is often in his own hands, and the excitement of the struggle was too great to allow time for fear.

I enjoyed the passage; down in this shallow trough of canvas that bent and trembled with the motion of the men, I had a far more intimate feeling of the glory and power of the waves than I have even known in a steamer.

J. M. SYNGE.



QUEEN VICTORIA

When the company was reassembled in the drawing-room the etiquette was stiff. For a few minutes the Queen spoke in turn to each one of her guests; and during these short uneasy colloquies the aridity of royalty was apt to become painfully evident. One night Mr. Greville, the Clerk of the Privy Council, was present; his turn soon came; the middle-aged, hard-faced *viveur* was addressed by his young hostess. "Have you been riding to-day, Mr. Greville?" asked the Queen. "No, Madam, I have not," replied Mr. Greville. "It was a fine day," continued the Queen. "Yes, Madam, a very fine day," said Mr. Greville. "It was rather cold, though," said the Queen. "It *was* rather cold, Madam," said Mr. Greville. "Your sister, Lady Frances Egerton, rides, I think, doesn't she?" said the Queen. "She does ride sometimes, Madam," said Mr. Greville. There was a pause, after which Mr. Greville ventured to take the lead, though he did not venture to change the subject. "Has your Majesty been riding to-day?" asked Mr. Greville. "Oh yes, a very long ride," answered the Queen with animation. "Has your

Majesty got a nice horse?" said Mr. Greville. "Oh, a very nice horse," said the Queen. It was over. Her Majesty gave a smile and an inclination of the head, Mr. Greville a profound bow, and the next conversation began with the next gentleman. When all the guests had been disposed of, the Duchess of Kent sat down to her whist, while everybody else was ranged about the round table. Lord Melbourne sat beside the Queen, and talked pertinaciously—very often *à propos* to the contents of one of the large albums of engravings with which the round table was covered—until it was half-past eleven and time to go to bed.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

FATHER KEEGAN AND THE GRASSHOPPER

SCENE: *Rosscullen. Westward a hillside of granite rock and heather slopes upward across the prospect from south to north. A huge stone stands on it in a naturally impossible place, as if it had been tossed up there by a giant. Over the brow, in the desolate valley beyond, is a round tower. A lonely white high-road trending away westward past the tower loses itself at the foot of the far mountains. It is evening; and there are great breadths of silken green in the Irish sky. The sun is setting.*

A man with the face of a young saint, yet with white

hair and perhaps fifty years on his back, is standing near the stone in a trance of intense melancholy, looking over the hills as if by mere intensity of gaze he could pierce the glories of the sunset and see into the streets of Heaven. He is dressed in black, and is rather more clerical in appearance than most English curates are nowadays ; but he does not wear the collar and waistcoat of a parish priest. He is roused from his trance by the chirp of an insect from a tuft of grass in a crevice of the stone. His face relaxes : he turns quietly, and gravely takes off his hat to the tuft, addressing the insect in a brogue which is the jocular assumption of a gentleman and not the natural speech of a peasant.

The Man. An' is that yourself, Misther Grasshopper? I hope I see you well this fine evenin'.

The Grasshopper. [*Prompt and shrill in answer.*] X-X.

The Man. [*Encouragingly.*] That's right. I suppose now you've come out to make yourself miserable be admyerin' the sunset?

The Grasshopper. [*Sadly.*] X-X.

The Man. Aye, you're a thrue Irish grasshopper.

The Grasshopper. [*Loudly.*] X-X-X.

The Man. Three cheers for ould Ireland, is it? That helps you to face out the misery and the poverty and the torment, doesn't it?

The Grasshopper. [*Plaintively.*] X-X.

The Man. Ah, it's no use, me poor little friend. If you could jump as far as a kangaroo you couldn't jump away from your own heart an' its punish-

ment. You can only look at Heaven from here: you can't reach it. There! [*Pointing with his stick to the sunset.*] That's the gate o' glory, isn't it?

The Grasshopper [*Assenting.*] X-X.

The Man. Sure, it's the wise grasshopper yar to know that! But tell me this, Misther Unworldly Wiseman: why does the sight of Heaven wring your heart an' mine as the sight of holy wather wrings the heart o' the divil? What wickedness have you done to bring that curse on you? Here! Where are you jumpin' to? Where's your manners to go skyrocketin' like that out o' the box in the middle o' your confession? [*Threatens it with a stick.*]

The Grasshopper. [*Penitently.*] X.

The Man. [*Lowering the stick.*] I accept your apology, but don't do it again. And now tell me one thing before I let you go home to bed. Which would you say this counthry was: hell or purgatory?

The Grasshopper. X.

The Man. Hell! Faith I'm afraid you're right. I wondher what you and me did when we were alive to get sent here.

The Grasshopper. [*Shrilly.*] X-X.

The Man. [*Nodding.*] Well, as you say, it's a delicate subject; and I won't press it on you. Now off widja.

The Grasshopper. X-X. [*It springs away.*]

The Man. [*Waving his stick.*] God speed you!

[*He walks away past the stone towards the brow of the hill. Immediately a young labourer, his*

face distorted with terror, slips round from behind the stone.

The Labourer. [*Crossing himself repeatedly.*] Oh glory be to God! glory be to God! Oh Holy Mother an' all the saints! Oh murther! murther! [*Beside himself, calling.*] Fadher Keegan! Fadher Keegan!

The Man. [*Turning.*] Who's there? What's that? [*He comes back and finds the labourer, who clasps his knees.*] Patsy Farrell! What are you doing here?

Patsy. O, for the love o' God don't lave me here wi' dhe grasshopper. I hard it spakin' to you. Don't let it do me any harm, Father darlint.

Keegan. Get up, you foolish man, get up. Are you afraid of a poor insect because I pretended it was talking to me?

Patsy. Oh, it was no pretending, Fadher dear. Didn't it give three cheers, an' say it was a divil out o' hell? Oh, say you'll see me safe home, Fadher; 'n put a blessin' on me or somethin'. [*He moans with terror.*]

Keegan. What were you doin' there, Patsy, listenin'? Were you spyin' on me?

Patsy. No, Fadher: on me oath an' soul I wasn't. I was wait'n' to meet Masther Larry 'n carry his luggage from the car; 'n I fell asleep on the grass; 'n you woke me talking to the grasshopper; 'n I hard its wicked little voice. Oh, d'ye think I'll die before the year's out, Fadher?

Keegan. For shame, Patsy! Is that your religion, to be afraid of a little deeshy grasshopper? Suppose it was a divil, what call have you to fear it? If I could ketch it, I'd make you take it home widja in your hat for a penance.

Patsy. Sure, if you won't let it harm me, I'm not afraid, your riverence.

[*He gets up, a little reassured. He is a callow, flaxen-polled, smooth-faced, downy-chinned lad, fully-grown but not yet fully filled out, with blue eyes and an instinctively acquired air of helplessness and silliness, indicating, not his real character, but a cunning developed by his constant dread of a hostile dominance, which he habitually tries to disarm and tempt into unmasking by pretending to be a much greater fool than he really is. Englishmen think him half-witted, which is exactly what he intends them to think. He is clad in corduroy trousers, unbuttoned waistcoat, and coarse blue-striped shirt.*

Keegan. [*Admonitorily.*] Patsy, what did I tell you about callin' me Father Keegan an' your reverence? What did Father Dempsey tell you about it?

Patsy. Yis, Fadher.

Keegan. Father!

Patsy. [*Desperately.*] Arrah, what am I to call you? Fadher Dempsey says you're not a priest; 'n we all know you're not a man; 'n how do we know what ud happen to us if we showed any disrespect

to you? 'N sure they say wanse a priest always a priest.

Keegan. [*Sternly.*] It's not for the like of you, Patsy, to go behind the instruction of your parish priest and set yourself up to judge whether your church is right or wrong.

Patsy. Sure, I know that, sir.

Keegan. The Church let me be its priest as long as it thought me fit for its work. When it took away my papers it meant you to know that I was only a poor madman, unfit and unworthy to take charge of the souls of the people.

Patsy. But wasn't it only because you knew more Lat'n than Father Dempsey that he was jealous of you?

Keegan. [*Scolding him to keep himself from smiling.*] How dare you, Patsy Farrell, put your own wicked little spites and foolishnesses into the heart of your priest? For two pins I'd tell him what you just said.

Patsy. [*Coaxing.*] Sure, you wouldn't——

Keegan. Wouldn't I? God forgive you! you're little better than a heathen.

Patsy. Deed I am, Fadher: It's me bruddher the tinsmith in Dublin you're thinkin' of. Sure, he had to be a freethinker when he larnt a thrade and went to live in the town.

Keegan. Well, he'll get to Heaven before you if you're not careful, Patsy. And now listen to me, once and for all. You'll talk to me and pray for

me in the name of Pether Keegan, so you will. And when you're angry and tempted to lift your hand agen the donkey or stamp your foot on the little grasshopper, remember that the donkey's Pether Keegan's brother, and the grasshopper Pether Keegan's friend. And when you're tempted to throw a stone at a sinner or a curse at a beggar, remember that Pether Keegan is a worse sinner and a worse beggar, and keep the stone and the curse for him the next time you meet him. Now say "God bless you, Pether," to me before I go, just to practise you a bit.

Patsy. Sure, it wouldn't be right, Fadher. I can't——

Keegan. Yes, you can. Now, out with it; or I'll put this stick into your hand an' make you hit me with it.

Patsy. [*Throwing himself on his knees in an ecstasy of adoration.*] Sure, it's your blessin' I want, Fadher Keegan. I'll have no luck widhout it.

Keegan. [*Shocked.*] Get up out o' that, man! Don't kneel to me: I'm not a saint.

Patsy. [*With intense conviction.*] Oh, in throth yar, sir. [*The grasshopper chirps. Patsy, terrified, clutches at Keegan's hands.*] Don't set it on me, Fadher; I'll do anythin' you bid me.

Keegan [*Pulling him up.*] You bosthoon, you! Don't you see that it only whistled to tell me Miss Reilly's coming? There! Look at her and pull yourself together for shame. Off widja to the road; you'll be late for the car if you don't make haste.

[Bustling him down the hill.] I can see the dust of it in the gap already.

Patsy. The Lord save us! *[He goes down the hill like a hunted man.]*

G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE RIVALS

(Last part of a story called "The Courting of T'nowhead's Bell")

HE (Sanders) remained at the pig-sty until Sam'l left the farm, when he joined him at the top of the brae, and they went home together.

"It's yersel', Sanders," said Sam'l.

"It is so, Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Very cauld," said Sam'l.

"Blawy," assented Sanders.

After a pause—

"Sam'l," said Sanders.

"Ay."

"I'm hearin' yer to be mairit."

"Ay."

"Weel, Sam'l, she's a snod bit lassie."

"Thank ye," said Sam'l.

"I had ance a kin' of notion o' Bell mysel'," continued Sanders.

"Ye had?"

"Yes, Sam'l; but I thocht better o't."

"Hoo d'ye mean?" asked Sam'l, a little anxiously.

"Weel, Sam'l, mairitch is a terrible responsibeelity."

"It is so," said Sam'l, wincing.

"An' no' the thing to tak' up without conseederation."

"But it's a blessed and honourable state, Sanders; ye've heard the minister on't."

"They say," continued the relentless Sanders, "'at the minister doesna get on sair wi' the wife himsel'."

"So they do," said Sam'l, with a sinking at the heart.

"I've been telt," Sanders went on, "'at gin ye can get the upper han' o' the wife for a while at first, there's the mair chance o' a harmonious excestence."

"Bell's no the lassie," said Sam'l, appealingly, "to thwart her man."

Sanders smiled.

"D'y ye think she is, Sanders?"

"Weel, Sam'l, I d'na want to fluster ye, but she's been ower lang wi' 'Lisbeth Fargus no to hae learnt her ways. An' a'body kens what a life T'nowhead has wi' her."

"Guid sake, Sanders, hoo did ye no speak o' this afore?"

"I thocht ye kent o't, Sam'l."

They had now reached the square, and the U.P. kirk was coming out. The Auld Licht kirk would be half-an-hour yet.

"But, Sanders," said Sam'l, brightening up, "ye was on yer wy to speir her yersel'."

"I was, Sam'l," said Sanders, "and I canna but be thankfu' ye was ower quick for 's."

"Gin't hadna been you," said Sam'l, "I wid never have thocht o't."

"I'm sayin' naething agin Bell," pursued the other, "but, man Sam'l, a body should be mair deleeberate in a thing o' the kind."

"It was michty hurried," said Sam'l, woefully.

"It's a serious thing to speir a lassie," said Sanders.

"It's an awfu' thing," said Sam'l.

"But we'll hope for the best," added Sanders, in a hopeless voice. They were close to the tenements now, and Sam'l looked as if he were on his way to be hanged.

"Sam'l?"

"Ay, Sanders."

"Did ye—did ye kiss her, Sam'l?"

"Na."

"Hoo?"

"There was verra little time, Sanders."

"Half an 'oor," said Sanders.

"Was there? Man Sanders, to tell ye the truth, I never thocht o't."

Then the soul of Sanders Elshioner was filled with contempt for Sam'l Dickie.

The scandal blew over. At first it was expected that the minister would interfere to prevent the union, but beyond intimating from the pulpit that the souls of Sabbath-breakers were beyond praying

for, and then praying for Sam'l and Sanders at great length, with a word thrown in for Bell, he let things take their course. Some said it was because he was always frightened lest his young men should inter-marry with other denominations, but Sanders explained it differently to Sam'l.

"I hav'na a word to say agin the minister," he said; "they're gran' prayers, but, Sam'l, he's a mairit man himsel."

"He's a' the better for that, Sanders, isna he?"

"Do ye no see," asked Sanders, compassionately, "'at he's tryin' to mak' the best o't?"

"Oh, Sanders, man!" said Sam'l.

"Cheer up, Sam'l," said Sanders, "It'll sune be ower."

Their having been rival suitors had not interfered with their friendship. On the contrary, while they had hitherto been mere acquaintances, they became inseparables as the wedding-day drew near. It was noticed that they had much to say to each other, and that when they could not get a room to themselves they wandered about together in the churchyard. When Sam'l had anything to tell Bell he sent Sanders to tell it, and Sanders did as he was bid. There was nothing that he would not have done for Sam'l.

The more obliging Sanders was, however, the sadder Sam'l grew. He never laughed now on Saturdays, and sometimes his loom was silent half the day. Sam'l felt that Sanders's was the kindness of a friend for a dying man.

It was to be a penny wedding, and Lisbeth Fargus said it was delicacy that made Sam'l superintend the fitting-up of the barn by deputy. Once he came to see it in person, but he looked so ill that Sanders had to see him home. This was on the Thursday afternoon, and the wedding was fixed for Friday.

"Sanders, Sanders," said Sam'l, in a voice strangely unlike his own, "it'll be a' ower by this time the morn."

"It will," said Sanders.

"If I had only kent her langer," continued Sam'l.

"It wid hae been safer," said Sanders.

"Did ye see the yallow floor in Bell's bonnet?" asked the accepted swain.

"Ay," said Sanders, reluctantly.

"I'm dootin'—I'm sair dootin' she's but a flichty, licht-hearted crittur after a'."

"I had ay my suspeccions o't," said Sanders.

"Ye hae kent her langer than me," said Sam'l.

"Yes," said Sanders, "but there's nae gettin' at the heart o' woman. Man Sam'l, they're desperate cunnin'."

"I'm dootin' 't, I'm sair dootin' 't."

"It'll be a warnin' to ye, Sam'l, no to be in sic a hurry in the futur," said Sanders.

Sam'l groaned.

"Ye'll be gaein up to the manse to arrange wi' the minister the morn's mornin'," continued Sanders in a subdued voice.

Sam'l looked wistfully at his friend.

"I canna' do't, Sanders," he said, "I canna do't."

"Ye maun," said Sanders.

"It's aisy to speak," retorted Sam'l, bitterly.

"We have a' oor troubles, Sam'l," said Sanders, soothingly, "an' every man maun bear his ain burdens. Johnny Davie's wife's dead, an' he's no repinin'."

"Ay," said Sam'l, "but a death's no a mairitch. We hae haen deaths in our family too."

"It may a' be for the best," added Sanders, "an' there wid be a michty talk i' the hale country-side gin ye didna ging to the minister like a man."

"I maun hae langer to think o't," said Sam'l.

"Bell's mairitch is the morn," said Sanders decisively.

Sam'l glanced up with a wild look in his eyes.

"Sanders," he cried.

"Sam'l?"

"Ye hae been a guid friend to me, Sanders, in this sair affliction."

"Nothing ava," said Sanders, "dount mention 't."

"But, Sanders, ye canna deny but what your rinnin oot o' the kirk that awfu' day was at the bottom o't a'."

"It was so," said Sanders, bravely.

"An' ye used to be fond o' Bell, Sanders."

"I dinna deny 't."

"Sanders, laddie," said Sam'l, bending forward and speaking in a wheedling voice, "I aye thocht it was you she likeit."

"I had some sic idea mysel," said Sanders.

"Sanders, I canna think to pairt twa fowk sae weel suited to ain anither as you an' Bell."

"Canna ye, Sam'l?"

"She wid mak ye a guid wife, Sanders. I hae studied her weel, and she's a thrifty, douce, clever lassie. Sanders, there's no the like o' her. Mony a time, Sanders, I hae said to mysel, There's a lass ony man might be prood to tak'. A'body says the same, Sanders. There's nae risk ava, man; nane to speak o'. Tak' her, laddie, tak' her, Sanders; it's a grand chance, Sanders. She's yours for the spierin'. I'll gie her up, Sanders."

"Will ye, though?" said Sanders.

"What d'ye think?" asked Sam'l.

"If ye wad rayther," said Sanders, politely.

"There's my hand on't," said Sam'l. "Bless ye, Sanders; ye've been a true frien' to me."

. . . . . .

J. M. Barrie.



FIFTH SECTION
POWER

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH

This excerpt is taken from a story of the South Sea Islands, called The Beach of Falesá. *We will not "spoil the yarn" by giving a synopsis. Suffice to say that the passage describes the end of a deadly feud. One of the two men has set up certain images to terrify the natives; the other, with the assistance of his native wife, Uma, blows up the images with gunpowder—and that is the point at which we start.*

THERE was one bad point in my game. One of the blessed graven images had come down all afire, hair and clothes and body, not four yards away from me. I cast a mighty noticing glance all round; there was still no Case, and I made up my mind I must get rid of that burning stick before he came, or I should be shot there like a dog.

It was my first idea to have crawled, and then I thought speed was the main thing, and stood half up to make a rush. The same moment from somewhere between me and the sea there came a flash and a report, and a rifle bullet screeched in my ear. I swung straight round and up with my gun, but the brute had a Winchester, and before I could as much as see him his second shot knocked me over like a ninepin. I seemed to fly in the air, then came down by the run and lay half a minute, silly; and then I found my hands empty, and my gun had flown over

my head as I fell. It makes a man mighty wide awake to be in the kind of box that I was in. I scarcely knew where I was hurt, or whether I was hurt or not, but turned right over on my face to crawl after my weapon. Unless you have tried to get about with a smashed leg you don't know what pain is, and I let out a howl like a bullock's.

This was the unluckiest noise that ever I made in my life. Up to then Uma had stuck to her tree like a sensible woman, knowing she would be only in the way; but as soon as she heard me sing out, she ran forward. The Winchester cracked again, and down she went.

I had sat up, leg and all, to stop her; but when I saw her tumble I clapped down again where I was, lay still, and felt the handle of my knife. I had been scurried and put out before. No more of that for me. He had knocked over my girl, I had got to fix him for it; and I lay there and gritted my teeth, and footed up the chances. My leg was broke, my gun was gone. Case had still ten shots in his Winchester. It looked a kind of hopeless business. But I never despaired nor thought upon despairing: that man had got to go.

For a goodish bit not one of us let on. Then I heard Case begin to move nearer in the bush, but mighty careful. The image had burned out; there were only a few coals left here and there, and the wood was main dark, but had a kind of a low glow in it like a fire on its last legs. It was by this that I made out

Case's head looking at me over a big tuft of ferns, and at the same time the brute saw me and shouldered his Winchester. I lay quite still, and as good as looked into the barrel: it was my last chance, but I thought my heart would have come right out of its bearings. Then he fired. Lucky for me it was no shot-gun, for the bullet struck within an inch of me and knocked the dirt in my eyes.

Just you try and see if you can lie quiet, and let a man take a sitting shot at you and miss you by a hair. But I did, and lucky too. A while Case stood with the Winchester at the port-arms; then he gave a little laugh to himself, and stepped round the ferns.

"Laugh!" thought I. "If you had the wit of a louse you would be praying!"

I was all as taut as a ship's hawser or the spring of a watch, and as soon as he came within reach of me I had him by the ankle, plucked the feet right out from under him, laid him out, and was upon the top of him, broken leg and all, before he breathed. His Winchester had gone the same road as my shot-gun; it was nothing to me—I defied him now. I'm a pretty strong man anyway, but I never knew what strength was till I got hold of Case. He was knocked out of time by the rattle he came down with, and threw up his hands together, more like a frightened woman, so that I caught both of them with my left. This wakened him up, and he fastened his teeth in my forearm like a weasel. Much I cared. My leg gave me

all the pain I had any use for, and I drew my knife and got it in the place.

"Now," said I, "I've got you; and you're gone up, and a good job too! Do you feel the point of that? That's for Underhill! And there's for Adams! And now here's for Uma, and that's going to knock your blooming soul right out of you!"

With that I gave him the cold steel for all I was worth. His body kicked under me like a spring sofa; he gave a dreadful kind of a long moan, and lay still.

"I wonder if you're dead? I hope so!" I thought, for my head was swimming. But I wasn't going to take chances; I had his own example too close before me for that, and I tried to draw the knife out to give it him again. The blood came over my hands, I remember, hot as tea; and with that I fainted clean away, and fell with my head on the man's mouth.

When I came to myself it was pitch dark; the cinders had burned out; there was nothing to be seen but the shine of the dead wood, and I couldn't remember where I was nor why I was in such pain nor what I was all wetted with. Then it came back, and the first thing I attended to was to give him the knife again a half-a-dozen times up to the handle. I believe he was dead already, but it did him no harm and did me good.

"I bet you're dead now," I said.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

GALLIPOLI

On Friday, 23rd of April, the weather cleared so that the work could begin. In fine weather in Mudros a haze of beauty comes upon the hills and water till their loveliness is unearthly, it is so rare. Then the bay is like a blue jewel, and the hills lose their savagery, and glow, and are gentle, and the sun comes up from Troy, and the peaks of Samothrace change colour, and all the marvellous ships in the harbour are transfigured. The land of Lemnos was beautiful with flowers at that season, in the brief Ægean spring, and to seawards always, in the bay, were the ships, more ships, perhaps, than any port of modern times has known; they seemed like half the ships of the world. In this crowd of shipping *strange beautiful Greek vessels passed, under rigs of* old time, with sheep and goats and fish for sale, and the tugs of the Thames and Mersey met again the ships they had towed of old, bearing a new freight, of human courage. The transports (all painted black) lay in tiers, well within the harbour, the men-of-war nearer Mudros and the entrance. Now in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats, and noisy with the labour of men, the getting of the anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of harbour in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships

for Tenedos, and the sun went down with marvellous colour, lighting island after island and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.

JOHN MASEFIELD.



SIXTH SECTION
THE STORY

THE STORY OF YUNG CHANG

NARRATED BY KAI LUNG, IN THE OPEN SPACE OF THE TEA-SHOP OF THE CELESTIAL PRINCIPLES, AT WU-WHEI

"Ho, illustrious passers-by!" said Kai Lung, the story-teller, as he spread out his embroidered mat under the mulberry-tree. "It is indeed unlikely that you would condescend to stop and listen to the foolish words of such an insignificant and altogether deformed person as myself. Nevertheless, if you will but retard your elegant footsteps for a few moments, this exceedingly unprepossessing individual will endeavour to entertain you with the recital of the adventures of the noble Yung Chang, as recorded by the celebrated Pe-ku-hi."

Thus adjured, the more leisurely-minded drew near to hear the history of Yung Chang. There was Sing You the fruit-seller, and Li Ton-ti the wood-carver; Hi Seng left his clients to cry in vain for water; and Wang Yu, the idle pipe-maker, closed his shop of "The Fountain of Beauty," and hung on the shutter the gilt dragon to keep away customers in his absence. These, together with a few more shopkeepers and a

dozen or so loafers, constituted a respectable audience by the time Kai Lung was ready.

"It would be more seemly if this ill-conditioned person who is now addressing such a distinguished assembly were to reward his fine and noble-looking hearers for their trouble," apologised the story-teller. "But, as the Book of Verses says, 'The meaner the slave, the greater the lord'; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that this majestic concourse will reward the despicable efforts of their servant by handfuls of coins till the air appears as though filled with swarms of locusts in the season of much heat. In particular, there is among this august crowd of mandarins one Wang Yu, who has departed on three previous occasions without bestowing the reward of a single cash. If the feeble and covetous-minded Wang Yu will place in this very ordinary bowl the price of one of his exceedingly ill-made pipes, this unworthy person will proceed."

"Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man never," quoted the pipe-maker in retort. "Oh, most incapable of story-tellers, have you not on two separate occasions slept beneath my utterly inadequate roof without payment?"

But he, nevertheless, deposited three cash in the bowl, and drew nearer among the front row of the listeners.

"It was during the reign of the enlightened Emperor Tsing Nung," began Kai Lung, without further introduction, ' that there lived at a village near Honan a

wealthy and avaricious maker of idols, named Ti Hung. So skilful had he become in the making of clay idols that his fame had spread for many li around, and idol sellers from all the neighbouring villages, and even from the towns, came to him for their stock. No other idol-maker between Honan and Nankin employed so many clay-gatherers or so many modellers; yet, with all his riches, his avarice increased till at length he employed men whom he called 'agents' and 'travellers,' who went from house to house selling his idols and extolling his virtues in verses composed by the most illustrious poets of the day. He did this in order that he might turn into his own pocket the full price of the idols, grudging those who would otherwise have sold them the few cash which they would make. Owing to this he had many enemies, and his army of travellers made him still more; for they were more rapacious than the scorpion, and more obstinate than the ox. Indeed, there is still the proverb, 'With honey it is possible to soften the heart of the he-goat; but a blow from an iron cleaver is taken as a mark of welcome by an agent of Ti Hung.' So that people barred the doors at their approach, and even hung out signs of death and mourning.

"Now, among all his travellers there was none more successful, more abandoned, and more valuable to Ti Hung than Li Ting. So depraved was Li Ting that he was never known to visit the tombs of his ancestors; indeed, it was said that he had been heard to mock their venerable memories, and that he had jestingly

offered to sell them to anyone who should chance to be without ancestors of his own. This objectionable person would call at the houses of the most illustrious mandarins, and would command the slaves to carry to their masters his tablets, on which were inscribed his name and his virtues. Reaching their presence, he would salute them with the greeting of an equal, 'How is your stomach?' and then proceed to exhibit samples of his wares, greatly overrating their value. 'Behold!' he would exclaim, 'is not this elegantly-moulded idol worthy of the place of honour in this sumptuous mansion which my presence defiles to such an extent that twelve basins of rose water will not remove the stain? Are not its eyes more delicate than the most select of almonds? and is not its stomach rounder than the cupolas upon the high temple at Pekin? Yet, in spite of its perfections, it is not worthy of the acceptance of so distinguished a mandarin, and therefore I will accept in return the quarter-tael, which, indeed, is less than my illustrious master gives for the clay alone.'

"In this manner Li Ting disposed of many idols at high rates, and thereby endeared himself so much to the avaricious heart of Ti Hung that he promised him his beautiful daughter Ning in marriage.

"Ning was indeed very lovely. Her eyelashes were like the finest willow twigs that grow in the marshes by the Yang-tse-Kiang; her cheeks were fairer than poppies; and when she bathed in the Hoang Ho, her body seemed transparent. Her brow was finer than

the most polished jade; while she seemed to walk, like a winged bird, without weight, her hair floating in a cloud. Indeed, she was the most beautiful creature that has ever existed."

"Now may you grow thin and shrivel up like a fallen lemon; but it is false!" cried Wang Yu, starting up suddenly and unexpectedly. "At Chee Chou, at the shop of 'The Heaven-sent Sugar-cane,' there lives a beautiful and virtuous girl who is more than all that. Her eyes are like the inside circles on the peacock's feathers; her teeth are finer than the scales on the Sacred Dragon; her——"

"If it is the wish of this illustriously-endowed gathering that this exceedingly illiterate paper tiger should occupy their august moments with a description of the deformities of the very ordinary young person at Chee Chou," said Kai Lung imperturbably, "then the remainder of the history of the noble-minded Yung Chang can remain until an evil fate has overtaken Wang Yu, as it assuredly will shortly."

"A fair wind raises no storm," said Wang Yu sulkily; and Kai Lung continued:

"Such loveliness could not escape the evil eye of Li Ting, and accordingly, as he grew in favour with Ti Hung, he obtained his consent to the drawing up of the marriage contracts. More than this, he had already sent to Ning two bracelets of the finest gold, tied together with a scarlet thread, as a betrothal present. But, as the proverb says, 'The good bee will not touch the faded flower,' and Ning, although

compelled by the second of the Five Great Principles to respect her father, was unable to regard the marriage with anything but abhorrence. Perhaps this was not altogether the fault of Li Ting, for on the evening of the day on which she had received his present, she walked in the rice fields, and sitting down at the foot of a funereal cypress, whose highest branches pierced the Middle Air, she cried aloud:

"'I cannot control my bitterness. Of what use is it that I should be called the "White Pigeon among Golden Lilies," if my beauty is but for the hog-like eyes of the exceedingly objectionable Li Ting? Ah, Yung Chang, my unfortunate lover! what evil spirit pursues you that you cannot pass your examination for the second degree? My noble-minded but ambitious boy, why were you not content with an agricultural or even a manufacturing career and happiness? By aspiring to a literary degree, you have placed a barrier wider than the Whang Hai between us.'

"'As the earth seems small to the soaring swallow, so shall insuperable obstacles be overcome by the heart worn smooth with a fixed purpose,' said a voice beside her, and Yung Chang stepped from behind the cypress-tree, where he had been waiting for Ning. 'O one more symmetrical than the chrysanthemum,' he continued, 'I shall yet, with the aid of my ancestors, pass the second degree, and even obtain a position of high trust in the public office at Pekin.'

"'And in the meantime,' pouted Ning, 'I shall

have partaken of the wedding-cake of the utterly unpresentable Li Ting.' And she exhibited the bracelets which she had that day received.

"'Alas!' said Yung Chang, 'there are times when one is tempted to doubt even the most efficacious and violent means. I had hoped that by this time Li Ting would have come to a sudden and most unseemly end; for I have drawn up and affixed in the most conspicuous places notifications of his character, similar to the one here.'

"Ning turned, and beheld fastened to the trunk of the cypress an exceedingly elegantly written and composed notice, which Yung read to her as follows:

"'BEWARE OF INCURRING DEATH FROM STARVATION

"'Let the distinguished inhabitants of this district observe the exceedingly ungraceful walk and bearing of the low person who calls himself Li Ting. Truthfully, it is that of a dog in the act of being dragged to the river because his sores and diseases render him objectionable in the house of his master. So will this hunchbacked person be dragged to the place of execution, and be bowstrung, to the great relief of all who respect the five senses: A Respectful Physiognomy, Passionless Reflection, Soft Speech, Acute Hearing, Piercing Sight.

"'He hopes to attain to the Red Button and the Peacock's Feather; but the right hand of the Deity

tches, and Li Ting will assuredly be removed suddenly.'

"'Li Ting must certainly be in league with the evil forces if he can withstand so powerful a weapon,' said Ning admiringly, when her lover had finished reading. 'Even now he is starting on a journey, nor will he return till the first day of the month when the sparrows go to the sea and are changed into oysters. Perhaps the fate will overtake him while he is away. If not——'

"'If not,' said Yung, taking up her words as she paused, 'then I have yet another hope. A moment ago you were regretting my choice of a literary career. Learn, then, the value of knowledge. By its aid (assisted, indeed, by the spirits of my ancestors) I have discovered a new and strange thing, for which I can find no word. By using this new system of reckoning, your illustrious but exceedingly narrow-minded and miserly father would be able to make five taels where he now makes one. Would he not, in consideration for this, consent to receive me as a son-in-law, and dismiss the inelegant and unworthy Li Ting?'

"'In the unlikely event of your being able to convince my illustrious parent of what you say, it would assuredly be so,' replied Ning. 'But in what way could you do so? My sublime and charitable father already employs all the means in his power to reap the full reward of his sacred industry. His "solid

household gods" are in reality mere shells of clay; higher-priced images are correspondingly constructed, and his clay gatherers and modellers are all paid on a "profit-sharing system." Nay, further, it is beyond likelihood that he should wish for more purchasers, for so great is his fame that those who come to buy have sometimes to wait for days in consequence of those before them; for my exceedingly methodical sire entrusts none with the receiving of money, and the exchanges are therefore made slowly. Frequently an unnaturally devout person will require as many as a hundred idols, and so the greater part of the day will be passed.'

"'In what way?' inquired Yung tremulously.

"'Why, in order that the countings may not get mixed, of course it is necessary that when he has paid for one idol he should carry it to a place aside, and then return and pay for the second, carrying it to the first, and in such a manner to the end. In this way the sun sinks behind the mountains.'

"'But,' said Yung, his voice thick with his great discovery, 'if he could pay for the entire quantity at once, then it would take but a hundredth part of the time, and so more idols could be sold.'

"'How could this be done?' inquired Ning wonderingly. 'Surely it is impossible to conjecture the value of many idols.'

"'To the unlearned it would indeed be impossible,' replied Yung proudly, 'but by the aid of my literary researches I have been enabled to discover a process

by which such results would be not a matter of conjecture, but of certainty. These figures I have committed to tablets, which I am prepared to give to your mercenary and slow-witted father in return for your incomparable hand, a share of the profits, and the dismissal of the unintentive and morally threadbare Li Ting.'

"'When the earth-worm boasts of his elegant wings, the eagle can afford to be silent,' said a harsh voice behind them; and turning hastily they beheld Li Ting, who had come upon them unawares. 'Oh, most insignificant of tablet-spoilers,' he continued, 'it is very evident that much over-study has softened your usually well-educated brains. Were it not that you are obviously mentally afflicted, I should unhesitatingly persuade my beautiful and refined sword to introduce you to the spirits of your ignoble ancestors. As it is, I will merely cut off your nose and your left ear, so that people may not say that the Dragon of the Earth sleeps and wickedness goes unpunished.'

"Both had already drawn their swords, and very soon the blows were so hard and swift that, in the dusk of the evening, it seemed as though the air were filled with innumerable and many-coloured fireworks. Each was a practised swordsman, and there was no advantage gained on either side, when Ning, who had fled on the appearance of Li Ting, reappeared, urgin on her father, whose usually leisurely footsteps wer quickened by the dread that the duel must result i

certain loss to himself, either of a valuable servant, or of the discovery which Ning had briefly explained to him, and of which he at once saw the value.

"'Oh, most distinguished and expert persons,' he exclaimed breathlessly, as soon as he was within hearing distance, 'do not trouble to give so marvellous an exhibition for the benefit of this unworthy individual, who is the only observer of your illustrious dexterity! Indeed, your honourable condescension so fills this illiterate person with shame that his hearing is thereby preternaturally sharpened, and he can plainly distinguish many voices from beyond the Hoang Ho, crying for the Heaven-sent representative of the degraded Ti Hung to bring them more idols. Bend, therefore, your refined footsteps in the direction of Poo Chow, O Li Ting, and leave me to make myself objectionable to this exceptional young man with my intolerable commonplaces.'

"'The shadow falls in such a direction as the sun wills,' said Li Ting, as he replaced his sword and departed.

"'Yung Chang,' said the merchant, 'I am informed that you have made a discovery that would be of great value to me, as it undoubtedly would if it is all that you say. Let us discuss the matter without ceremony. Can you prove to me that your system possesses the merit you claim for it? If so, then the matter of arrangement will be easy.'

"'I am convinced of the absolute certainty and accuracy of the discovery,' replied Yung Chang. 'It

not as though it were an ordinary matter of human intelligence, for this was discovered to me as I was worshipping at the tomb of my ancestors. The method is regulated by a system of squares, triangles, and cubes. But as the practical proof might be long, and as I hesitate to keep your adorable daughter out in the damp night air, may I not call at your inimitable dwelling in the morning, when we can go into the matter thoroughly?'

"I will not weary this intelligent gathering, each member of which doubtless knows all the books on mathematics off by heart, with a recital of the means by which Yung Chang proved to Ti Hung the accuracy of his tables and the value of his discovery of the multiplication table, which till then had been undreamt of," continued the story-teller. "It is sufficient to know that he did so, and that Ti Hung agreed to his terms, only stipulating that Li Ting should not be made aware of his dismissal until he had returned and given in his accounts. The share of the profits that Yung was to receive was cut down very low by Ti Hung, but the young man did not mind that, as he would live with his father-in-law for the future.

"With the introduction of this new system, the business increased like a river at flood-time. All rivals were left behind, and Ti Hung put out this sign:

"'NO WAITING HERE!

"'Good-morning! Have you worshipped one of Ti Hung's refined ninety-nine cash idols?

"'Let the purchasers of ill-constructed idols at other establishments, where they have grown old and venerable while waiting for the all-thumb proprietors to count up to ten, come to the shop of Ti Hung and regain their lost youth. Our ninety-nine cash idols are worth a tael a set. We do not, however, claim that they will do everything. The ninety-nine cash idols of Ti Hung will not, for example, purify linen, but even the most contented and frozen-brained person cannot be happy till he possesses one. What is happiness? The exceedingly well-educated Philosopher defines it as the accomplishment of all our desires. Everyone desires one of Ti Hung's ninety-nine cash idols, therefore get one; but be sure that it is Ti Hung's.

"'Have you a bad idol? If so, dismiss it, and get one of Ti Hung's ninety-nine cash specimens.

"'Why does your idol look old sooner than your neighbour's? Because yours is not one of Ti Hung's ninety-nine cash marvels.

"'They bring all delights to the old and the young,
The elegant idols supplied by Ti Hung.

"'N.B.—The "Great Sacrifice" idol, forty-five cash; delivered, carriage free, in quantities of not less than twelve, at any temple, on the evening before the sacrifice.'

"It was about this time that Li Ting returned. His journey had been more than usually successful, and he was well satisfied in consequence. It was not

until he had made out his accounts and handed in his money that Ti Hung informed him of his agreement with Yung Chang.

"'Oh, most treacherous and excessively unpopular Ti Hung,' exclaimed Li Ting, in a terrible voice, 'this is the return you make for all my entrancing efforts in your service, then? It is in this way that you reward my exceedingly unconscientious recommendations of your very inferior and unendurable clay idols, with their goggle eyes and concave stomachs! Before I go, however, I request to be inspired to make the following remark—that I confidently predict your ruin. And now this low and undignified person will finally shake the elegant dust of your distinguished house from his thoroughly inadequate feet, and proceed to offer his incapable services to the rival establishment over the way.'

"'The machinations of such an evilly-disposed person as Li Ting will certainly be exceedingly subtle,' said Ti Hung to his son-in-law when the traveller had departed. 'I must counteract his omens. Herewith I wish to prophesy that henceforth I shall enjoy an unbroken run of good fortune. I have spoken, and assuredly I shall not eat my words.'

"As the time went on, it seemed as though Ti Hung had indeed spoken truly. The ease and celerity with which he transacted his business brought him customers and dealers from more remote regions than ever, for they could spend days on the journey and still save time. The army of clay-gatherers an

modellers grew larger and larger, and the work-sheds stretched almost down to the river's edge. Only one thing troubled Ti Hung, and that was the uncongenial disposition of his son-in-law, for Yung took no further interest in the industry to which his discovery had given so great an impetus, but resolutely set to work again to pass his examination for the second degree.

"'It is an exceedingly distinguished and honourable thing to have failed thirty-five times, and still to be undiscouraged,' admitted Ti Hung; 'but I cannot cleanse my throat from bitterness when I consider that my noble and lucrative business must pass into the hands of strangers, perhaps even into the possession of the unendurable Li Ting.'

"But it had been appointed that this degrading thing should not happen, however, and it was indeed fortunate that Yung did not abandon his literary pursuits; for after some time it became very apparent to Ti Hung that there was something radically wrong with his business. It was not that his custom was falling off in any way; indeed, it had lately increased in a manner that was phenomenal, and when the merchant came to look into the matter, he found to his astonishment that the least order he had received in the past week had been for a hundred idols. All the sales had been large, and yet Ti Hung found himself most unaccountably deficient in taels. He was puzzled and alarmed, and for the next few days he looked into the business closely. Then it was that the reason was revealed, both for the falling off in

e receipts and for the increase in the orders. The lculations of the unfortunate Yung Chang were orrect up to a hundred, but at that number he had nade a gigantic error—which, however, he was never ble to detect and rectify—with the result that all ransactions above that point worked out at a considerable loss to the seller. It was in vain that the panic-stricken and infuriated Ti Hung goaded his miserable son-in-law to correct the mistake; it was equally in vain that he tried to stem the current of his enormous commercial popularity. He had competed for public favour, and he had won it, and every day his business increased till ruin grasped him by the pigtail. Then came an order from one firm at Pekin for five millions of the ninety-nine cash idols, and at that Ti Hung put up his shutters, and sat down in the dust.

"'Behold!' he exclaimed, 'in the course of a lifetime there are many very disagreeable evils that may overtake a person. He may offend the Sacred Dragon, and be in consequence reduced to a fine dry powder; or he may incur the displeasure of the benevolent and pure-minded Emperor, and be condemned to death by roasting; he may also be troubled by demons or by the disturbed spirits of his ancestors, or be struck by thunderbolts. Indeed, there are numerous annoyances, but they all become as Heaven-sent blessings in comparison to a self-opinionated and more than ordinarily weak-minded son-in-law. Of what avail is it that I have habitually sold one idol for the value of

a hundred? The very objectionable man in possession sits in my delectable summer-house, and the unavoidable legal documents settle around me like a flock of pigeons. It is indeed necessary that I should declare myself to be in voluntary liquidation, and make an assignment of my book debts for the benefit of my creditors. Having accomplished this, I will proceed to the well-constructed tomb of my illustrious ancestors, and having kow-towed at their incomparable shrines, I will put an end to my distinguished troubles with this exceedingly well-polished sword.'

"'The wise man can adapt himself to circumstances as water takes the shape of the vase that contains it,' said the well-known voice of Li Ting. 'Let not the lion and the tiger fight at the bidding of the jackal. By combining our forces all may be well with you yet. Assist me to dispose of the entirely superfluous Yung Chang and to marry the elegant and symmetrical Ning, and in return I will allot to you a portion of my not inconsiderable income.'

"'However high the tree, the leaves fall to the ground, and your hour has come at last, O detestable Li Ting!' said Yung, who had heard the speakers and crept upon them unperceived. 'As for my distinguished and immaculate father-in-law, doubtless the heat has affected his indefatigable brains, or he would not have listened to your contemptible suggestion. For yourself, draw!'

"Both swords flashed, but before a blow could be struck the spirits of his ancestors hurled Li Ting

lifeless to the ground, to avenge the memories that their unworthy descendant had so often reviled.

"'So perish all the enemies of Yung Chang,' said the victor. 'And now, my venerated but exceedingly short-sighted father-in-law, learn how narrowly you have escaped making yourself exceedingly objectionable to yourself. I have just received intelligence from Pekin that I have passed the second degree, and have in consequence been appointed to a remunerative position under the Government. This will enable us to live in comfort, if not in affluence, and the rest of your engaging days can be peacefully spent in flying kites.'"

ERNEST BRAMAH.



SEVENTH SECTION

NATURE

THE JULY GRASS

A July fly went sideways over the long grass. His wings made a burr about him like a net, beating so fast they wrapped him round with a cloud. Every now and then, as he flew over the trees of grass, a taller one than common stopped him, and there he clung, and then the eye had time to see the scarlet spots—the loveliest colour—on his wings. The wind swung the bennet and loosened his hold, and away he went again over the grasses, and not one jot did he care if they were *Poa* or *Festuca*, or *Bromus* or *Hordeum*, or any other name. Names were nothing to him; all he had to do was to whirl his scarlet spots about in the brilliant sun, rest when he liked, and go on again. I wonder whether it is a joy to have bright scarlet spots, and to be clad in the purple and gold of life; is the colour felt by the creature that wears it? The rose, restful of a dewy morn before the sunbeams have topped the garden wall, must feel a joy in its own fragrance, and know the exquisite hue of its stained petals. The rose sleeps in its beauty.

The fly whirls his scarlet-spotted wings about and splashes himself with sunlight, like the children on

the sands. He thinks not of the grass and sun; he does not heed them at all—and that is why he is so happy—any more than the barefoot children ask why the sea is there, or why it does not quite dry up when it ebbs. He is unconscious; he lives without thinking about living; and if the sunshine were a hundred hours long, still it would not be long enough. No, never enough of sun and sliding shadows that come like a hand over the table to lovingly reach our shoulder, never enough of the grass that smells sweet as a flower, not if we could live years and years equal in number to the tides that have ebbed and flowed counting backwards four years to every day and night, backwards still till we found out which came first, the night or the day. The scarlet-dotted fly knows nothing of the names of the grasses that grow here where the sward nears the sea, and thinking of him I have decided not to wilfully seek to learn any more of their names either. My big grass book I have left at home, and the dust is settling on the gold of the binding. I have picked a handful this morning of which I know nothing. I will sit here on the turf and the scarlet-dotted flies shall pass over me, as if I too were but a grass. I will not think, I will be unconscious, I will live.

Listen! that was the low sound of a summer wavelet striking the uncovered rock over there beneath in the green sea. All things that are beautiful are found by chance, like everything that is good. Here by me is a praying-rug, just wide enough to

kneel on, of the richest gold inwoven with crimson. All the Sultans of the East never had such beauty as that to kneel on. It is, indeed, too beautiful to kneel on, for the life in these golden flowers must not be broken down even for that purpose. They must not be defaced, not a stem bent; it is more reverent not to kneel on them, for this carpet prays itself. I will sit by it and let it pray for me. It is so common, the bird's foot lotus, it grows everywhere; Yet if I purposely searched for days I should not have found a plot like this, so rich, so golden, so glowing with sunshine. You might pass it by in one stride, yet it is worthy to be thought of for a week and remembered for a year. Slender grasses, branched round about with slenderer boughs, each tipped with pollen and rising in tiers cone-shaped—too delicate to grow tall—cluster at the base of the mound. They dare not grow tall or the wind would snap them. A great grass, stout and thick, rises three feet by the hedge, with a head another foot nearly, very green and strong and bold, lifting itself right up to you; you must say, "What a fine grass!" Grasses whose awns succeed each other alternately; grasses whose tops seem flattened; others drooping over the shorter blades beneath; some that you can only find by parting the heavier growth around them; hundreds and hundreds, thousands and thousands. The kingly poppies on the dry summit of the mound take no heed of these, the populace, their subjects so numerous they cannot be numbered. A barren race they are,

the proud poppies, lords of the July field, taking no deep root, but raising up a brilliant blazon of scarlet heraldry out of nothing. They are useless, they are bitter, they are allied to sleep and poison and ever-lasting night; yet they are forgiven because they are not commonplace. Nothing, no abundance of them, can ever make the poppies commonplace. There is genius in them, the genius of colour, and they are saved. Even when they take the room of the corn we must admire them. The mighty multitude of nations, the millions and millions of the grass stretching away in intertangled ranks, through pasture and mead from shore to shore, have no kinship with these their lords. The ruler is always a foreigner. From England to China the native born is no king; the poppies are the Normans of the field. One of these on the mound is very beautiful, a width of petal, a clear silkiness of colour three shades higher than the rest, it is almost dark with scarlet. I wish I could do something more than gaze at all this scarlet and gold and crimson and green, something more than see it, not exactly to drink it or inhale it, but in some way to make it part of me that I might live it.

The July grasses must be looked for in corners and out-of-the-way places, and not in the broad acres—the scythe has taken them there. By the wayside on the banks of the lane, near the gateway—look, too, in uninteresting places behind incomplete buildings on the mounds cast up from abandoned foundations where speculation has been and gone

There weeds that would not have found resting-place elsewhere grow unchecked, and uncommon species and unusually large growths appear. Like everything else that is looked for, they are found under unlikely conditions. At the back of ponds, just inside the enclosure of woods, angles of corn-fields, old quarries, that is where to find grasses, or by the sea in the brackish marsh. Some of the finest of them grow by the mere roadside; you may look for others up the lanes in the deep ruts, look too inside the hollow trees by the stream. In a morning you may easily garner together a great sheaf of this harvest. Cut the larger stems aslant, like the reeds imitated deep in old green glass. You must consider as you gather them the height and slenderness of the stems, the droop and degree of curve, the shape and colour of the panicle, the dusting of the pollen, the motion and sway in the wind. The sheaf you may take home with you, but the wind that was among it stays without.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

FLIGHT

ONE cannot, indeed, watch for long the flight of the fulmar petrel without becoming dissatisfied, or at least critical, in regard to that of other sea-birds. The larger gulls grow hopelessly coarse and heavy; the kittiwake is not what it was, something is gone from

ıe bold corsair-like sweeps of the Arctic skua, and ven in the seeming laboured grace of the tern the ye begins to dwell more on the labour and less on he grace. All these birds are bodies: the fulmar ɔetrel more suggests a soul. Something of this it owes to its colouring, which, though approaching to blue above, and of the purest-looking white below, yet has in it that exquisitely smoked or shadowed quality which allows of no glint or gleam, avoids all saliency, and almost seems alien from substance itself. It blends with the air, of which it seems to be a condensation rather than something introduced into it. Yet most lies in the flight. In this there is conveyed to one a sense not so much of power over as of actual partnership in the element in which the bird floats, as though it had been born there, as though it might sleep and awake there, as though it had never been, nor ever could be, anywhere else. It is, I suppose, the small apparent mechanism of the flight that gives this impression, the absence, or the ease, of effort. Sliding, as it were, from the face of the precipice, and often from the most towering heights of it, the thin cleaver-like wings are at once, or after a few quick, flickering vibrations, spread to their full extent, and on them the bird floats, sweeps, circles, now sinking towards the sea, now cresting the summit of the cliff, but keeping, for the most part, within the middle space between the two. Ever and anon it sails smoothly in to its own rocky ledge, pauses above it, as though to think " My home! " then, with another

quick shimmer or flicker of the thin shadow-wings, sweeps smoothly out again, to enter once more on those wonderful down-sliding, up-gliding circles that have more of magic in them, and are more drawn to charm, than had ever a necromancer's.

This light flickering of the wings, as I have called it, for they cannot be said to flap or beat—even quiver is too gross a term for so delicate a motion—is a characteristic part of the fulmar petrel's flight. They move for a moment—for a *few* seconds more or less—in the way in which a shadow flickers on the wall, and then the bird glides and circles, holding them outspread and at rest, opposing their thin, flat surface, now to this point, now to that, by a turn of the head or body, but giving them no independent motion. Then another flicker, and again the gliding and circling. When spread thus, flat to the air, the wings have a very thin, paper-knifey appearance. The simile does not seem worthy either of them or of the bird, but as it is continually brought to my mind, I must employ it, albeit apologetically. It is the shape of them that suggests it. Their ends are smooth and rounded, and they are held so straight that they seem to be in one piece, without a joint; though, just when the wind catches them freshly, and drives the bird swiftly along, they are turned slightly upwards toward the tips, through the momentary yielding of the quills. Strange though it may seem, this straightness—almost stiffness—of the wing-contour adds to—nay, makes—the grace of the fulmar petrel's flight.

and the pronounced bend at the joint, which, in the gull and kittiwake, causes the forepart of the wing to slope backwards in a marked degree, looks almost clumsy by comparison. The reason, I think, is that the petrel's straight, thin, flat-pressed wings look so splendidly set to the wind, suggesting a graceful ship—lateen-rigged—in fullest sail, whilst the others seem timidly furled and reefed by the side of them. Sometimes, indeed, the wings do bend just a little—for, after all, they have a joint—but the straight-set attitude is more germane to them, and soon they assume it again, shooting forward so briskly, yet softly, that one seems to hear a soft little musical click.

And thus this dream and joy of glorious motion, this elemental spirit of a bird, floats and flickers along, cradled in air, looking like a shadow upon it, sweeping and gliding, rising and falling, in circles of consummate ease. No, this is not dominion, but union and sweet accord. There is no in-spite-of, no proud compelling, here. Lighter than the air that it rides on, the bird seems married to it, clasps it as a bride.

EDMUND SELOUS.

NATURALIST AND SPORTSMAN

It is, I admit, an unhappy truth that the naturalist is generally more or less in combination with the sportsman, but it seems to me that as either element

gains ground the other weakens, so that if a man is really and truly a naturalist the passion of killing—and also of collecting—tends to pass into that of observing. When the latter has become very strong in such a man, so that he is interested in the more minute and intricate things in the lives of animals—in their domesticities and affections, their instincts, their intelligence and psychology generally, and with the questions and problems presented by all of these—he is then, I believe, either no more a sportsman or very little of one, though, perhaps, he may not care to admit this to his old sporting friends. In a word, the two things—observation of life and the taking of it—are opposed to each other, though they may be often combined in one and the same man. But whilst the naturalist—by virtue of our savage ancestry—has almost always something of the sportsman in his composition, the sportsman has, for his part, little or nothing of the naturalist. I should never expect the same man to be great in both departments, and I believe that a list of names would support this contention. By "sportsman," however, I understand a man who kills animals primarily on account of the pleasurable sensations which he experiences in so doing. He who really only kills or collects for the purpose of increasing knowledge (so he calls his collection) is no sportsman, in my opinion—though I think he does a great deal more harm than if he were one. The collector I look upon as the most harmfully destructive animal on this earth, and the more scientific the more

destructive he is. The other kind wearies, or may weary, but he never does. His whole life, in thought or act, is one long ceaseless crime against every other life. His goal is extermination, and nature, for him, a museum. He is the most disgusting figure, in my estimation, that has ever appeared in the world, nor is there any thought more painful to me than that of the slaughter he is every day perpetrating, and the extermination of species resulting from it. What deaths may he not achieve in a lifetime! Of all Thugs, he has the biggest record. That he is often an agreeable, intelligent, and cultivated man—a very good fellow and otherwise unoffending member of society—is infinitely to be regretted. I would he were a street nuisance, a swindler, tsar or grand duke, to the boot of his much greater enormities, for then he might be put down, whereas now there is little chance of it.

Thank heaven he is not here, to put all these pretty little families under glass cases, and steal every egg on the nest. To get a thing dead, that is what his love of nature amounts to, and he does it for those like himself. I know the kind of people who enjoy those groups in the museum at South Kensington, and I am sick at heart that they should be there for them. Who is there, with a soul in his body, who can see a lot of young stuffed herons, say, in a nest with their parents, without feeling more disgust at the Philistine slaughter which procured them than pleasure in the poor lifeless imitation for the sake o

which it is perpetrated, and will be perpetrated, over and over again, for wretched little fusty museums in thousands of provincial towns, who must all take this as their model. Some years ago—three or four, I think—a gentleman, commissioned to supply one of these, visited Iceland in the breeding time. Though, by the laws of the country, the birds and eggs, at this season, are most strictly preserved, yet he persuaded one of the magistrates to override these laws and give him a permit for the procuring of specimens, with over three hundred of which—young and old, nests, eggs, and everything—he returned to England. I commend the account of this matter to the notice of the Society for the Protection of Birds, and earnestly hope that, by communicating with the Icelandic—or Danish—Government they may be able to prevent the threatened repetition—for it was threatened in the account itself—of a thing so horrible. It does not seem altogether impossible that the magistrate in question, by allowing himself to be persuaded into granting such permission, committed an illegal act, for which, had it been known, he would have incurred the just rebuke of those in authority over him. If so, it should not be difficult to nip in its poisonous bud an abuse which, if unchecked, will make Iceland a paradise, not of birds for ever, but of bird shooters and stuffers for a few years only.

I believe that these poor stuffed groupings of bird family life, for each of which a whole live family has

to be killed, and which have been so much praised, are really nothing but an evil, or, at least, that there is no good in them at all comparable to the evil. All naturalists "of the right breed" who *can* see them alive, and not dead, will. Those who cannot will take little consolation in so poor a substitute, and will rather spend their time in seeing what they can than in filling their eyes with mere deadness. It is not for such that these odious slaughters, these revolting barbarities are committed, but for sauntering mechanics, booby children, "Oh my!"-ing servant maids, and a few panel-painting young ladies. These are the beneficiaries; but the real moving motive of it all—the *causa causans*—is the inextinguishable fire of slaughter that burns for ever in the human breast. It burns for ever, but, as Time works his changes, some new imagined motive must be found for the old passion and the old deed; so over them both science now flings her ample, hypocritical cloak. "For the sake of science"—that is the formula of the professor who sends out the naturalist to slay, and of the naturalist who goes and slays. With that charm on their lips both quench the thirst of their hearts, and feel no evil in the draught. To the strong band of slayers they add their strength, nay, supply it, if that were needed, with an added incentive, preaching a crusade of destruction to its very enthusiasts who, though they love nothing better, yet may nod sometimes, like the good Homer, and are then urged and begged to continue with "Kill more, and fill our

museums. Forget not us poor old professors wearying amidst empty glass cases. Throw us a specimen or two to mumble, while yet there are specimens left. For the sake of science, gentlemen, for the sake of science!" And so, for the sake of science, they add to the dearth of its living material, and kill, very complacently, the goose with the golden eggs.

Science might use her influence to check the dance of death, instead of making it caper more wildly, but there is something in a museum which brings down the high to the level of the low, and makes the learned biologist and the banging idiot the best of good friends and confederates. That museum must be filled, and when it is full the next thing to do is to fill it again; so the cry is ever for specimens, ever "Kill!" That the creature wanted is rare makes it all the more wanted, and a moment's pause in getting it may lead to another museum getting it first: perhaps—coveted honour!—only just before it becomes extinct. For extinction adds a charm to a specimen when once your own museum has obtained it: the rarer it becomes after that, the more the curators chuckle, and with its ceasing for ever rivals are left out in the cold. So science leagues itself with death, and the museums roar, one against another, "Kill!"

EDMUND SELOUS.

FARMER OAK AND THE SHEEP

The wind continued to beat about the corners of the hut, but the flute-playing ceased. A rectangular space of light appeared in the side of the hut, and in the opening the outline of Farmer Oak's figure. He carried a lantern in his hand, and closing the door behind him came forward and busied himself about this nook of the field for nearly twenty minutes, the lantern light appearing and disappearing here and there, and brightening him or darkening him as he stood before or behind it. . . .

The ring of the sheep-bell, which had been silent during his absence, recommenced, in tones that had more mellowness than clearness, owing to the increasing growth of surrounding wool. This continued till Oak withdrew again from the flock. He returned to the hut, bringing in his arms a new-born lamb, consisting of four legs large enough for a full-grown sheep, united by an unimportant membrane about half the substance of the legs collectively which constituted the animal's entire body just at present.

The little speck of life he placed on a wisp of hay before the small stove, where a can of milk was simmering. Oak extinguished the lantern by blowing into it and then pinching out the snuff, the cot being lighted by a candle suspended by a twisted wire. A rather hard couch formed of a few corn sacks thrown carelessly down covered half the floor of this

little habitation, and here the young man stretched himself along, loosened his woollen cravat, and closed his eyes. In about the time a person unaccustomed to bodily labour would have decided upon which side to lie, Farmer Oak was asleep.

The inside of the hut, as it now presented itself, was cosy and alluring, and the scarlet handful of fire in addition to the candle, reflecting its own genial colour upon whatever it could reach, flung associations of enjoyment even over utensils and tools. In the corner stood the sheep-crook, and along a shelf at one side were ranged bottles and canisters of the simple preparations pertaining to ovine surgery and physic; spirits of wine, turpentine, tar, magnesia, ginger, and castor-oil being the chief. On a triangular shelf across the corner stood bread, bacon, cheese, and a cup for ale or cider which was supplied from a flagon beneath. Beside the provisions lay the flute, whose notes had lately been called forth by the lonely watcher to beguile a tedious hour. The house was ventilated by two round holes like the lights of a cabin, with wood slides.

The lamb, revived by the warmth, began to bleat, and the sound entered Gabriel's ears and brain with an instant meaning, as expected sounds will. Passing from the profoundest sleep to the most alert wakefulness with the same ease that had accompanied the reverse operation, he looked at his watch, found that the hour hand had shifted again, put on his hat, took the lamb in his arms, and carried it into the

darkness. After placing the little creature with its mother, he stood and carefully examined the sky, to ascertain the time of night from the altitude of the stars.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel.

One night, when Farmer Oak had returned to his house, believing there would be no further necessity for his attendance on the down, he called as usual to the dogs, previously to shutting them up in the outhouse till next morning. Only one responded—old George; the other could not be found, either in the house, lane, or garden. Gabriel then remembered that he had left the two dogs on the hill eating a dead lamb (a kind of meat he usually kept from them, except when other food ran short), and concluding that the young one had not finished his meal, he went indoors to the luxury of a bed, which latterly he had only enjoyed on Sundays.

It was a still, moist night. Just before dawn he was assisted in waking by the abnormal reverberation of familiar music. To the shepherd, the note of the sheep-bell, like the ticking of the clock to other people, is a chronic sound that only makes itself noticed by ceasing or altering in some unusual manner from the well-known idle tinkle which signifies to the accustomed ear, however distant, that all is well in the fold. In the solemn calm of the awakening morn that note was heard by Gabriel, beating with unusual violence and rapidity. This exceptional ringing may be caused in two ways—by the rapid feeding of the

sheep bearing the bell, as when the flock breaks into new pasture, which gives it an intermittent rapidity, or by the sheep starting off in a run, when the sound has a regular palpitation. The experienced ear of Oak knew the sound he now heard to be caused by *the running of the flock with great velocity.*

He jumped out of bed, dressed, tore down the lane through a foggy dawn, and ascended the hill. The forward ewes were kept apart from those among which the fall of lambs would be later, there being two hundred of the latter class in Gabriel's flock. These two hundred seemed to have absolutely vanished from the hill. Gabriel called at the top of his voice the shepherd's call, " Ovey, ovey, ovey! "

Not a single bleat. He went to the hedge—a gap had been broken through it, and in the gap were the footprints of the sheep. Rather surprised to find them break fence at this season, yet putting it down instantly to their great fondness for ivy in winter-time, of which a great deal grew in the plantation, he followed through the hedge. They were not in the plantation. He called again: the valleys and farthest hills resounded as when the sailors invoked the lost Hylas on the Mysian shore; but no sheep. He passed through the trees and along the ridge of the hill. On the extreme summit, where the ends of the two converging hedges were stopped short by meeting the brow of the chalk-pit, he saw the younger dog standing against the sky—dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena.

A horrible conviction darted through Oak. With a sensation of bodily faintness he advanced: at one point the rails were broken through, and there he saw the footprints of his ewes. The dog came up, licked his hand, and made signs implying that he expected some great reward for signal services rendered. Oak looked over the precipice. The ewes lay dead and dying at its foot—a heap of two hundred carcases, representing in their condition just now at least two hundred more.

Oak was an intensely humane man: indeed his humanity often tore in pieces any politic intentions of his which bordered on strategy, and carried him on as by gravitation. A shadow in his life had always been that his flock ended in mutton—that a day came and found every shepherd an arrant traitor to his defenceless sheep. His first feeling now was one of pity for the untimely fate of these gentle ewes and their unborn lambs.

It was a second to remember another phase of the matter. The sheep were not insured. All the savings of a frugal life had been dispersed at a blow; his hopes of being an independent farmer were laid low—possibly for ever. Gabriel's energies, patience, and industry had been so severely taxed during the years of his life between eighteen and eight-and-twenty, to reach his present stage of progress, that no more seemed to be left in him. He leant down upon a rail, and covered his face with his hands.

THOMAS HARDY.

EIGHTH SECTION
CHILDREN

EARLY MEMORIES

SIDCUP PLACE, in the parish of Footscray, Kent, was originally a small square Queen Anne house, separated from the main road by a high wall covered with ivy, between two strips of garden. A wing had been added later, along the first story of which, facing the real garden which was at the back, ran what seemed to me an endless gallery, the most ideal of places for children to rush up and down and yell in. Connected in my mind with this gallery is one of those mysterious incidents that are never really cleared up, and which I for one believed was a case of crime too heinous to be explained to good children. A cousin of ours, Alfred S., had apparently shut the cat up in a small cupboard which stood in a certain place at the end of the gallery—a place in which an imprisoned cat should have had every chance of advertising her presence. But she made no sound; perhaps she was a delicate-minded cat. Whether she actually died of starvation, or was discovered in the nick of time, I forget, but from that moment Alfred became a sinister figure in our collection of cousins, and when he died a few years later I always believed the cat had something to do with it.

There were roomy stables and a big old-fashioned granary mounted on stone pillars, yet none the less infested, so they told us, by rats—a useful legend. The grounds were charming; on one side of the croquet lawn was the most enormous acacia I have ever seen, the bloom of which never failed, and on the other a fine cedar. Beyond was a walled kitchen garden with flowery borders and rose patches, and the object of our lives was to mount the walls, unobserved, from the far side in quest of forbidden fruit. Once I remember the gardener, who had stealthily removed the ladder, suddenly appearing with a long switch; we flew along the top, he at the bottom of the wall, calling out as we reached the spot where the ladder should have been: "Now, I've got yer, yer little warmints," and I am glad to say I followed Johnny's lead and took a flying leap down into safety, a drop of eight or nine feet—not a mean performance for a child of less than that number of years.

Beyond the kitchen garden was a shrubbery that seemed to me then what the woods in Rossetti's sonnets seem to me now—a vast mysterious place full of glades and birds, wildflowers and bracken; beyond that again, not on our property I think, was a nut-wood intersected by green paths one exactly like the other, in which I never strayed far from my elders for fear of getting lost. I was always haunted with this particular terror, and once, when separated for one second from my family in the midst of a

seething firework crush at the Crystal Palace, started such appalling yells of "I shall never see my dear papa and mamma again!" that the crowd instantly divided to enable my father's hand once more to grasp mine.

Fringed with disreputable-looking willows was a duck-pond, on which we used to put forth in wine boxes and tubs; and hard by an old elm tree, in which Alice, Johnny and a friend of his built one of the many descendants of the Tree House in the *Swiss Family Robinson*. It had a floor, and heaps of shelves and hooks, and we were allowed to have tea up there when we had been very good. As warm milk from the cow figured among our treats I pretended to love it, but really was rather nauseated, and privately thought milking an improper sight. It seemed cruel, too, to maul the poor cows like that, and when the gruff cowman said they liked it, he was not believed.

I have two special farmyard recollections, one being the occasion on which young Maunsell B.—a school friend of Johnny's who spent most of his holidays with us and considered himself engaged to Mary—promised me sixpence if I would ride a slim black pig called Fairylight round the yard. For some reason or other we were dressed in clean, open-work, starched frocks, and when, after being shot off on to the manure heap, I was dragged into my father's study by our infuriated nurse, it was easy to see he could hardly keep his countenance. The other

to my conviction they were thousand-year-old insects, not really dead, but in a state of suspended animation; for when placed in a soup-plate with a little water at the bottom they presently began to swell, stretch out their legs, and turn slow somersaults. No one knows what nightmares followed that particular treat.

Finally, there is one more memory, dateless but imperishable, because I was never allowed to hear the end of it—an occasion on which all unconsciously a life's philosophy was formulated. Once grand-mamma helped me to some pudding, and seeing I did not touch it, exclaimed: "Why, I thought it was your favourite pudding!" My answer was: "Yes, but this is so little I can't eat it."

I think on the whole we were a naughty and very quarrelsome crew. My father wrote and pinned on the wall: "If you have nothing pleasant to say *hold your tongue*"; an adage which, though excellent as a receipt for getting on in society, was unpopular in a nursery such as ours, for words lead to blows, and we happened to love fighting. There was one terrific battle between Mary and myself in the course of which I threw a knife that wounded her chin, to which she responded with a fork that hung for a moment just below my eye, Johnny having in the meantime crawled under the table. . . .

One day, when Mary and I knew that incarceration in an empty room at the top of the house would surely be our lot, we seized as many books as we could lay hold of, and stuffed them into

our drawers, which buttoned up at the sides. I *remember the agony of feeling them slip lower and* lower as we were herded upstairs, and how finally, just as the key was turned on us, down they came in an avalanche. On another occasion we were locked up in papa's dressing-room and the shutters were barred; but there was light enough to ransack his wardrobe and construct, with the aid of pillows and bolster, a complete effigy of him lying on his back on the floor in full hunting costume. As a finishing touch, the pincushion, with an inscription pricked out in pins, "For dear Papa," was laid on the effigy's breast. *If that didn't melt them I really don't know* what would, but as a matter of fact an indiscreet word let drop now and again by visitors made us suspect that a more lenient view of our crimes obtained than might have been supposed. Anyhow, I know we were considered very quaint and amusing children, and, as happens in most families, were alternately encouraged by guests to chatter, and snubbed by our parents for being forward.

DAME ETHEL SMYTH.

HAROLD'S GAMES

CHARLOTTE panted up anon, and dropped on the turf beside me. Neither had any desire for talk; the glow and glory of existing on this perfect morning were satisfaction full and sufficient.

justice this much had to be said for him, that in the christening of his amusement he had gone right to the heart of the matter. The words "will" and "testament" have various meanings and uses; but about the signification of "death-letter" there can be no manner of doubt.

I smoothed out the crumpled paper and read:

"My dear edward (it ran) when I die I leave all my muny to you my walkin sticks wips my crop my sord and gun bricks forts and all things i have good-bye my dear charlotte when i die I leave you my wach and cumpus and pencel case my salors and camperdown my picteres and evthing goodbye your loving brother armen my dear Martha I love you very much i leave you my garden my mice and rabets my plants in pots when I die please take care of them my dear——" (*Cetera desunt.*)

KENNETH GRAHAME.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

"WELL, then," Harold began afresh, "let's pretend we're Knights of the Round Table; and (with a rush) I'll be Lancelot!"

"I won't play unless I'm Lancelot," I said. I didn't mean it really, but the game of "Knights" always began with this particular contest.

"O *please*," implored Harold. "You know when Edward's here I never get a chance of being Lancelot. I haven't been Lancelot for weeks!"

Then I yielded gracefully. "All right," I said, "I'll be Tristram."

"O, but you can't," cried Harold again. "Charlotte has always been Tristram. She won't play unless she's allowed to be Tristram! Be somebody else this time."

Charlotte said nothing, but breathed hard, looking straight before her. The peerless hunter and harper was her special hero of romance, and rather than see the part in less appreciative hands, she would have gone back in tears to the stuffy school-room.

"I don't care," I said, "I'll be anything. I'll be Sir Kay. Come on!"

Then once more in this country's story the mail-clad knights paced through the greenwood shaw, questing adventure, redressing wrong; and bandits, five to one, broke and fled discomfited to their caves. Once more were damsels rescued, dragons disembowelled, and giants in every corner of the orchard deprived of their already superfluous number of heads: while Palomides the Saracen waited for us by the well, and Sir Breuse Saunce Pité vanished in craven flight before the skilled spear that was his terror and his bane. Once more the lists were dight in Camelot, and all was gay with shimmer of silk and gold; the earth shook with thunder of hooves, ash-staves flew in splinters and the firmament rang to the clash

of sword on helm. The varying fortune of the day swung doubtful—now on this side, now on that; till at last Lancelot, grim and great, thrusting through the press, unhorsed Sir Tristram (an easy task), and bestrode her, threatening doom; while the Cornish knight, forgetting hard-won fame of old, cried piteously, "You're hurting me, I tell you! and you're tearing my frock!" Then it happed that Sir Kay, hurtling to the rescue, stopped short in his stride; catching sight suddenly, through apple-boughs, of a gleam of scarlet afar off; while the confused tramp of many horses, mingled with talk and laughter, was borne to the ears of his fellow-champions and himself.

"What is it?" inquired Tristram, sitting up and shaking out her curls; while Lancelot forsook the clanging lists and trotted nimbly to the boundary-edge.

I stood spell-bound for a moment longer, and then, with a cry of "Soldiers!" I was off to the hedge, Sir Tristram picking herself up and scurrying after us.

Down the road they came, two and two, at an easy walk; scarlet flamed in the eye, bits jingled and saddles squeaked delightfully; while the men, in a halo of dust, smoked their short clays like the heroes they were. In a swirl of intoxicating glory the troop clinked and clattered by, while we shouted and waved, jumping up and down, and the big jolly horsemen acknowledged the salute with easy condescension.

KENNETH GRAHAME.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

JEREMY GOES TO THE FAIR

To Jeremy it was a world of heights and depths. Behind the stalls, beyond the lane down which he moved, was an uncertain glory, a threatening peril. He fancied that strange animals moved there; he thought he heard a lion roar and an elephant bellow. The din of the sellers all about him made it impossible to tell what was happening beyond there; only the lights and bells, shouts and cries, and a great roar of distant voices.

He almost wished that he had not come, he felt so very small and helpless; he wondered whether he could find his way out again, and looking back he was for a moment terrified to see that the stream of people behind him shut him in so that he could not see the stile, nor the wooden barrier, nor the red-faced man. Pushed forward, he found himself at the end of the lane and standing in a semicircular space surrounded by strange-looking booths with painted pictures upon them, and in front of them platforms with wooden steps running up to them. Then, so unexpectedly that he gave a little scream, a sudden roar burst out behind him. He turned, and indeed the world seemed to have gone mad. A moment ago there had been darkness and dim shadow. Now, suddenly, there was a huge whistling,

tossing circle of light and flame, and from the centre of this a banging, brazen, cymbal-clashing scream issued—a scream that, through its strident shrillness, he recognised as a tune that he knew—a tune often whistled by Jim at Cow Farm, "And her golden hair was hanging down her back." Whence the tune came he could not tell; from the very belly of the flaming monster, it seemed; but as he watched, he saw that the huge circle whirled ever faster and faster, and that up and down on the flame of it coloured horses rose and fell, vanishing from light to darkness, from darkness to light, and seemed of their own free will to dance to the thundering music.

It was the most terrific thing he had ever seen. The most terrific thing. . . . He stood there, his cap on the back of his head, his legs apart, his mouth open; forgetting utterly the crowd, thinking nothing of time or danger or punishment—he gazed with his whole body.

As his eyes grew more accustomed to the glare of the hissing gas, he saw that in the centre figures were painted standing on the edge of a pillar that revolved without pause. There was a woman with flaming red cheeks, a gold dress and dead-white dusty arms, a man with a golden crown and a purple robe, but a broken nose, and a minstrel with a harp. The woman and the king moved stiffly their arms up and down, that they might strike instruments, one a cymbal and the other a drum.

But it was finally the horses that caught Jeremy's

heart. Half of them at least were without riders, and the empty ones went round pathetically, envying the more successful ones and dancing to the music as though with an effort. One especially moved Jeremy's sympathy. He was a fine horse, rather fresher than the others, with a coal-black mane, and great black bulging eyes; his saddle was of gold and his trappings of red. As he went round he seemed to catch Jeremy's eye and to beg him to come to him. He rode more securely than the rest, rising nobly like a horse of fine breeding, falling again with an implication of restrained force as though he would say: "I have only to let myself go, and then, my word, *you would* see where I'd get to." His bold black eyes turned beseechingly to Jeremy—surely it was not only a trick of the waving gas; the boy drew closer and closer, never moving his gaze from the horses who had hitherto been whirling at a bacchanalian pace, but now, as at some sudden secret command, suddenly slackened, hesitated, fell into a gentle jog-trot, then scarcely rose, scarcely fell, were suddenly still. Jeremy saw what it was that you did if you wanted to ride. A stout dirty man came out amongst the horses and, resting his hand on their backs as though they were less than nothing to him, shouted: "Now's your chance, lidies and gents! Now, lidies and gents! Come along hup! Come along hup! The ride of your life now! A 'alfpenny a time! A 'alfpenny a time, and the finest ride of your life!"

People began to mount the steps that led on to the

platform where the horses stood. A woman, then a man and a boy, then two men, then two girls giggling together, then a man and a girl.

And the stout fellow shouted: "Come along hup! Come along hup! Now, lidies and gents! A 'alfpenny a ride! Come along hup!"

Jeremy noticed then that the fine horse with the black mane had stopped close beside him. Impossible to say whether the horse had intended it or no! He was staring now in front of him with the innocent stupid gaze that animals can assume when they do not wish to give themselves away. But Jeremy could see that he was taking it for granted that Jeremy understood the affair. "If you're such a fool as not to understand" he seemed to say, "well, then, I don't want you." Jeremy gazed, and the reproach in those eyes was more than he could endure. At any moment someone else might settle himself on that beautiful back! there, that stupid fat giggling girl! No—she had moved elsewhere. . . . He could endure it no longer, and with a thumping heart, clutching a scalding penny in a red-hot hand, he mounted the steps. "One ride—little gen'elman. 'Ere you are! 'Old on now! Oh, you wants that one, do yer? Right yer are—yer pays yer money and yer takes yer choice." He lifted Jeremy up. "Put yer arms round 'is neck now—'e won't bite yer!"

Bite him indeed! Jeremy felt, as he clutched the cool head, and let his hand slide over the stiff black mane, that he knew more about that horse than his

owner did. He seemed to feel beneath him the horse's response to his clutching knees, the head seemed to rise for a moment and nod to him and the eyes to say: "It's all right. I'll look after you. I'll give you the best ride of your life!"

He felt, indeed, that the gaze of the whole world was upon him, but he responded to it proudly, staring boldly around him as though he had been seated on merry-go-rounds all his days. Perhaps some in the gaping crowd knew him and were saying: "Why, there's the Rev. Cole's kid." Never mind; he was above scandal. From where he was he could see the Fair lifted up and translated into a fantastic splendour. Nothing was certain, nothing defined—above him a canopy of evening sky, with circles and chains of stars mixed with the rosy haze of the flame of the Fair; opposite him was the Palace of "The Two-Headed Giant of the Caucasus," a huge man as portrayed in the picture hanging on his outer walls, a giant naked save for a bearskin, with one head black and one yellow, and white protruding teeth in both mouths. Next to him was the Fortune Teller's, and outside this a little man with a hump beat a drum. . . . All these things were in Jeremy's immediate vision, and beyond them was a haze that his eyes could not penetrate. It held, he knew, wild beasts, because he could hear quite clearly from time to time the lion and the elephant and the tiger; it held music, because from somewhere through all the noise and confusion the tune of a band penetrated;

held buyers and sellers and treasures and riches, d all the inhabitants of the world—surely all the orld *must* be here to-night. And then, beyond the ize, there were the silent and mysterious gipsy iravans. Dark with their little square windows, nd their coloured walls, and their round wheels, and ne smell of wood fires, and the noise of hissing kettles and horses cropping the grass, and around hem the still night world with the thick woods and the dark river.

He did not see it all as he sat on his horse—he was, as yet, too young; but he did feel the contrast between the din and glare around him and the silence and dark beyond, and, afterwards, looking back, he knew that he had found in that same contrast the very heart of romance. As it was, he simply clutched his horse's beautiful head and waited for the ride to begin. . . .

They were off! He felt his horse quiver under him, he saw the mansions of the Two-Headed Giant and the Fat Lady slip to the right, the light seemed to swing like the skirt of someone's dress, upwards across the floor, and from the heart of the golden woman and the king and the minstrel a scream burst forth as though they were announcing the end of the world. After that he had no clear idea as to what occurred. He was swung into space, and all the life that had been so stationary, the booths, the lights, the men and women, the very stars went swinging with him as though to cheer him on; the horse under

him galloped before, and the faster he galloped the wilder was the music and the dizzier the world. He was exultant, omnipotent, supreme. He had long known that this glory was somewhere if it could only be found; all his days he seemed to have been searching for it; he beat his horse's neck, he drove his legs against his sides. "Go on! Go on! Go on!" he cried. "Faster! Faster! Faster!"

The strangest things seemed to rise to his notice and then fall again—a peaked policeman's hat, flowers, a sudden flame of gas, the staring eyes and dead white arms of the golden woman, the flying forms of the horses in front of him. All the world was on horseback, all the world was racing higher and higher, faster and faster. He saw someone near him rise on to his horse's back and stand on it, waving his arms. He would like to have done that, but he found that he was part of his horse, as though he had been glued to it. He shouted, he cried aloud, he was so happy that he thought of no one and nothing. . . . The flame danced about him in a circle; he seemed to rise so high that there was a sudden stillness, he was in the very heart of the stars; then came the supreme moment when, as he had always known that one day he would be, he was master of the world. . . . Then, like Lucifer, he fell. Slowly the stars receded, the music slackened, people rocked on to their feet again. . . . The Two-Headed Giant slipped back once more into his place, he saw the sinister lady still devouring her supper, women

looking up at him gaped. His horse gave a last little leap and died.

This marvellous experience he repeated four times, and every time with an ecstasy more complete than the last.

He rushed to a height, he fell, he rushed again, he fell, and at every return to a sober life his one intention was instantly to be off on his steed once more. He was about to start on his fifth journey, he had paid his halfpenny, he was sitting forward with his hands on the black mane, his eyes, staring, were filled already with the glory that he knew was coming to him, his cheeks were crimson, his hat on the back of his head, his hair flying. He heard a voice, quiet and cool, a little below him, but very near:

"Jeremy . . . Jeremy. Come off that. You've got to go home."

He looked down and saw his uncle Samuel.

HUGH WALPOLE.



NINTH SECTION
SPEECHES

THE STRIKE-LEADER'S SPEECH

The following is an excerpt from a great play called Strife, *—of which the motive is the clash of two strong characters, Mr. Anthony, the Chairman of the Company, and David Roberts, the leader of the strikers, the former representing Capital and the latter Labour. The passage here quoted is Roberts' great speech to the miners; and it will of course be understood that as a character in the play Roberts is made to express his own opinions, not those of the author.*

[*Roberts faces the crowd, probing them with his eyes till they gradually become silent. He begins speaking. One of the bargemen rises and stands.*

Roberts. You don't want to hear me, then? You'll listen to Rous and to that old man, but not to me. You'll listen to Sim Harness of the Union that's treated you *so fair*; maybe you'll listen to those men from London? Ah! You groan! What for? You love their feet on your necks, don't you? [*Then as Bulgin elbows his way towards the platform, with calm pathos.*] You'd like to break my jaw, John Bulgin. Let me speak, then do your smashing, if it gives you pleasure. [*Bulgin stands motionless and sullen.*] Am I a liar, a coward, a traitor? If only I were, ye'd listen to me, I'm sure. [*The murmurings*

ease, and there is now dead silence.] Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up *eight hundred* pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up—ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle—[*With biting irony.*]—but when Nature says: 'No further,' 'tes going agenst Nature." *I* tell you if a man cannot say to Nature: "Budge me from this if ye can!"—[*With a sort of exaltation.*]—his principles are but his belly. "Oh, but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" *I* tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night—don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyin' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you'll soon know with what ye've got to deal. 'Tes only by that—[*He strikes a blow with his clenched fist.*]—in Nature's face that a man can be a man. "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees; throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust."

Jago. Never!

Evans. Curse them!

Thomas. I neler said that.

Roberts. [*Bitingly.*] If ye did not say it, man, ye meant it. An' what did ye say about Chapel? "Chapel's against it," ye said. "She's against it!" Well, if Chapel and Nature go hand in hand, it's the first I've ever heard of it. That young man there—[*Pointing to Rous.*]—said I 'ad 'ell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender. Surrendering's the work of cowards and traitors.

Henry Rous. [*As George Rous moves forward.*] Go for him, George—don't stand his lip!

Roberts. [*Flinging out his finger.*] Stop there, George Rous, it's no time this to settle personal matters. [*Rous stops.*] But there was one other spoke to you —Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the Union for. They said to us, "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you." An' they did desert us.

Evans. They did.

Roberts. Mr. Simon Harness is a clever man, but he has come too late. [*With intense conviction.*] For all that Mr. Simon Harness says, for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any man present here can say—*We've won the fight!*—[*The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up. With withering scorn.*]— You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies. You've forgotten what that fight 'as been; many times I have told you; I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a

blood-sucker. The fight of those that spend their-selves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of *merciful* Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. *Don't I* know that? Wasn' the work o' *my* brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger. It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's *Capital!* A thing that will say—"I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows—you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital! Tell me, for all their talk is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the Income Tax to help the poor? That's Capital! A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there—Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends—a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw *he was afraid*—afraid for

himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid—like children that get into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men—[*He pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence.*]—Give me a free hand to tell them: "Go you back to London. The men have nothing for you!" [*A murmuring.*] Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from London all you want.

Evans, Jago and Others. A free hand! Give him a free hand! Bravo—bravo!

Roberts. 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting—[*The murmuring dies.*]—not for ourselves, our own little bodies, and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time. [*With intense sadness.*] Oh! men—for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' let the bitter sea in over them. They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all, aren't they—aren't they? If we can shake—[*Passionately*]—that white-faced monster with the bloody lips, that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives and children, since the world began. [*Dropping the note of passion, but with the utmost weight and intensity.*] If we have not the hearts of men to stand against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry for mercy, it will go on sucking life; and we shall stay

for ever what we are—[*In almost a whisper.*]—less than the very dogs.

[*An utter stillness, and Roberts stands rocking his body slightly, with his eyes burning the faces of the crowd.*

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT WILSON. MAY 27, 1916

THIS great war that broke so suddenly upon the world two years ago, and which has swept within its flame so great a part of the civilised world, has affected us very profoundly, and we are not only at liberty, it is perhaps our duty, to speak very frankly of it and of the great interests of civilisation which it affects.

With its causes and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore. But so great a flood, spread far and wide to every quarter of the globe, has of necessity engulfed many a fair province of right that lies very near to us.

Our own rights as a nation, the liberties, the privileges, and the property of our people have been profoundly affected. We are not mere disconnected lookers-on.

The longer the war lasts the more deeply do we

become concerned that it should be brought to an end and the world be permitted to resume its normal life and course again. And when it does come to an end we shall be as much concerned as the nations at war to see peace assume an aspect of permanence, give promise of days from which the anxiety of uncertainty shall be lifted, bring some assurance that peace and war shall always hereafter be reckoned part of the common interest of mankind.

We are participants, whether we would or not, in the life of the world. The interests of all nations are our own also. We are partners with the rest. What affects mankind is inevitably our affair as well as the affair of the nations of Europe and of Asia.

One observation on the causes of the present war we are at liberty to make, and to make it may throw some light forward on the future as well as backward upon the past. It is plain that this war could have come only as it did, suddenly and out of secret counsels, without warning to the world, without discussion, without any of the deliberate movements of counsel with which it would seem natural to approach so stupendous a contest.

It is probable that if it could have been foreseen just what would happen, just what alliances would be formed, just what forces arrayed against one another, those who brought the great contest on would have been glad to substitute conference for force.

If we ourselves had been afforded some opportunity

o apprise the belligerents of the attitude which it vould be our duty to take, of the policies and practices against which we would feel bound to use all our moral and economic strength, and in certain circumstances even our physical strength also, our own contribution to the counsel which might have averted the struggle would have been considered worth weighing and regarding.

And the lesson which the shock of being taken by surprise in a matter so deeply vital to all the nations of the world has made poignantly clear is that the peace of the world must henceforth depend upon a new and more wholesome diplomacy.

Only when the great nations of the world have reached some sort of agreement as to what they hold to be fundamental to their common interest, and as to feasible method of acting in concert when any nation or group of nations seeks to disturb those fundamental things, can we feel that civilisation is at last in a way of justifying its existence and claiming to be finally established.

It is clear that nations must in the future be governed by the same high code of honour that we demand of individuals.

We must, indeed, in the very same breath with which we avow this conviction admit that we have ourselves upon occasion in the past been offenders against the law of diplomacy which we thus forecast; but our conviction is not the less clear, but rather the more clear on that account.

If this war had accomplished nothing else for the benefit of the world, it had at least disclosed a great moral necessity and set forward the thinking of the statesmen of the world by a whole age.

Repeated utterances of the leading statesmen of most of the great nations now engaged in war have made it plain that their thought has come to this, that the principle of public right must henceforth take precedence over the individual interests of particular nations, and that the nations of the world must in some way band themselves together to see that that right prevails as against any sort of selfish aggression; that henceforth alliance must not be set up against alliance, understanding against understanding, but that there must be a common agreement for a common object, and that at the heart of that common object must lie the inviolable rights of peoples and of mankind.

The nations of the world have become each other's neighbours. It is to their interest that they should understand each other. In order that they may understand each other, it is imperative that they should agree to co-operation in a common cause, and that they should so act that the guiding principle of that common cause shall be even-handed and impartial justice.

This is undoubtedly the thought of America. This *is what we ourselves will say when there comes* proper occasion to say it. In the dealings of nations with one another arbitrary force must be rejected,

and we must move forward to the thought of the modern world, the thought of which peace is the very atmosphere. That thought constitutes a chief part of the passionate conviction of America.

We believe these fundamental things: First, that every people has a right to choose the sovereignty under which they shall live. Like other nations, we have ourselves no doubt once and again offended against that principle when for a little while controlled by selfish passion, as our franker historians have been honourable enough to admit; but it has become more and more our rule of life and action. Second, that the small states of the world have a right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that great and powerful nations expect and insist upon. And, third, that the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of its peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

So sincerely do we believe in these things that I am sure that I speak the mind and wish of the people of America when I say that the people of the United States is willing to become a partner in any feasible association of nations formed in order to realise these objects and make them secure against violation.

There is nothing that the United States wants for itself that any other nation has. We are willing, on the contrary, to limit ourselves along with them to a prescribed course of duty and respect for the rights of others which will check any selfish passion o

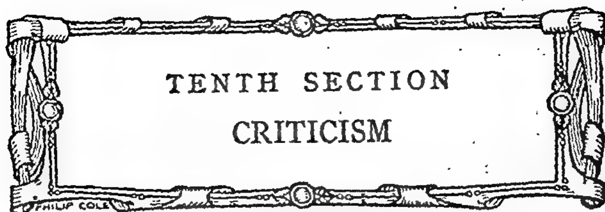
our own, as it will check any aggressive impulse on theirs.

If it should ever be our privilege to suggest or *initiate a movement for* peace *among* the nations now at war, I am sure that the people of the United States would wish their government to move along these lines:

First, such a settlement with regard to their own immediate interests as the belligerents may agree upon. We have nothing material of any kind to ask for ourselves, and we are quite aware that we are *in no sense or degree parties to the present quarrel.* Our interest is only in peace and its future guarantees.

Second, a universal association of the nations to maintain the inviolable security of the highway of the seas for the common and unhindered use of all the nations of the world, and to prevent any war *begun either contrary to treaty covenants or without* warning and full submission of the causes to the *opinion of the world*—a virtual guarantee of territorial integrity and political independence.

PRESIDENT WILSON.



CRITICISM

"A GENUINE criticism should, as I take it," said Hazlitt, "reflect the colours, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work." I turn to my dictionary and I find that it does not agree with Hazlitt. I find that while the word "critic" need, according to its origin, bear no meaning but that of a pronouncer of judgments, it does actually bear the primary meaning (in the opinion of my dictionary) of a pronouncer of adverse judgments, a censorious person. Now this is extraordinary! I take up the most influential of the weekly critical journals (which surely will know), and I read: "This is not a work to criticise, but to enjoy light-heartedly." And why is this "not a work to criticise"?—is there something in the act of criticism which is inimical, nay, which is antithetical, to the act of light-hearted enjoyment? Are all our critics, then, to be men of heavy heart and heavier pens? Are they to be weighted down with the professional pack of their learning and bent with the burden of delivering judgment? Are they to be tired persons, worn with the daily task of speaking

ill, or of speaking well (their more likely task, despite my dictionary), or of speaking *in propria persona* at all, who slip out of their critical garments with the delight we may imagine the sewerman to experience in doffing his overalls, or the exhausted grocer in putting off his apron and leaving the scales and the thousand tedious commodities of the counter? I think not; I think not with all my heart. This popular misconception of the critic as a censorious person will have to be got rid of altogether. No longer must it be with a connotation of reproach that one hears (in the columns of the weekly critical journals at least), "Oh, but you're so critical." The only possible answer, for the critic, is, "Yes, madam, that is what I conceive myself to be paid to be."

Nevertheless the idea that the critic is a censorious person dies hard in England. Not all the kindness of our comment has sufficed to kill it. Partly, I think, the reason is that in our literary history precept has not on any notable occasion preceded practice; as Lessing in Germany came before Goethe and Schiller. It really seems that, in other spheres as well as the political, our national genius is for doing things and for discovering afterwards what we have done. It is an admirable method; but it has this minor and incidental hardship, that criticism in England does not easily get recognised as a constructive force. . . .

The immediate need, then, of the present day is for criticism, and criticism, and for yet more criticism. I do not see how there can well be too much. But it

must be criticism. It is illustrative of the desuetude into which criticism has fallen that although a journal called *The Critic* flourished almost without intermission from Smollett's day until our own, the journal which at present bears that title is a journal whose interests are limited to the movements of the markets. It is as though those were the only things whose colours, whose light and shade, whose soul and body, our age cared exactly to reflect. There are excellent critics of the game of golf; there are critics of football, of the Rugby code especially, who do their work so admirably, that one harbours secret wishes that they might be guilty of malversation, and so, like Hazlitt, write not only of Neate *versus* the Gas-man. I do not say that we have no literary criticism: there would be no literary supplement of *The Times*, for example, with an increased public and an unreduced integrity standing there to refute me. But I do think that two things are incontestable: one, that in the general rush and output from the press, literary evaluations are mixed or altogether wanting; and the other that for the natural critic to live by the genuine practice of his craft is more difficult than it should be.

P. P. Howe.

WHAT IS POETRY?

"May God make this world, my child, as beautiful to you as it has been to me."—BLAKE, in old age.

He beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.

WHAT poetry is, in spite of all the definitions, we can no more define than we can define life or love; but what things are poetry we know, as we know what things are living, and loving, by their attributes and by their effects upon us. And the first of these is a troubling of the waters of the spirit: all poetry expresses some one's feelings and attempts to awaken the corresponding emotions in the heart of another.

All of us are poets in a measure because all of us have feeling, and power to communicate what we feel to others; but those we call poets are at once more sensitive, with a wider range of feeling; and better able to express what they feel, and move others to share their feelings. To speak in metaphor, the senses of their soul are more numerous and more acute, and their voices have a greater compass than is in common men. All of us, for example, see dimly, as a half-blind man sees a light, beauty in a hill or a cloud or a primrose; but the poet sees it as a radiant glow that moves him to cry aloud with delight and so to make us also look again more earnestly to share his vision. We

poetry by criticism as well as by intuition; for what is called the critical instinct in adults is really habit.

That it should be an attempt to communicate a genuine emotion is the first condition of poetry. But our hearts are hard and our senses dull compared with a poet's; and sometimes we are moved without being conscious of it. Emotion, then, will not always be our guide—except to the very highest poetry. We must learn to recognise it by its attributes and its outward form. There are no poetical *subjects*—there are indeed no artistic subjects, for art can find and reveal an aspect of beauty in everything that God has permitted to exist. It is not the thing but the saying that moves us, not the matter but the manner of its presentation. Poetry shows us an aspect of a thing, not the thing itself, which, as we know from Plato, we never can see as it really is; science shows us another aspect; religion another; common sense, perhaps, another.

On the high-road near my house is a row of ancient cottages falling into decay, dark and dirty and really unfit for human habitation; in the daytime an eyesore and a reproach. Yet at night, when the beams of powerful car-lights fall on their tall fronts, they are transfigured and glow with a strange and weird beauty like the glamour of a dream. So art can make sad things beautiful, and sordid things wonderful, as in Mr. Hardy's novels.

Why this should be so is a question that would lead us into the deepest of all problems, the nature of good

nd evil. Can that be really ugly that may sometimes ppear beautiful? Must not the beauty be there lways, though we cannot see it? What was the vision that made Keats say

There is a budding morrow in midnight?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his clever attack on Mr. Hardy's art, assumes with Matthew Arnold that art should "show us things as they are"; but art has nothing to do with the truth of things as they are, but with the impression they make on the artist's mind; sincerity we may demand from the artist but not truth, for who knows what is truth outside the narrow limits of mathematical science? Art is the expression of the artist's mood, not the representation of objective fact. To a poet in a lover's mood the sea smiles with him in his joy, the winds whisper the name of his beloved, the stars look down on him like friendly eyes; to the same poet, in another mood, the same sea looks grim and cruel, the winds mock his sighs, and the cold stars watch him with a passionless inscrutable gaze.

The gloom of Egdon Heath, the baseness of Sinister Street, the cruelty of Lear's daughters are not *facts*, but as subjective as Christmas at Dingley Dell or the Forest of Arden or things seen in a dream; but, like the things in dreams, they are more real than reality; they move us with more poignant emotions; whil they are with us we enjoy a more concentrated ex perience; they make us live more poetically, whi the mood they communicate endures.

But the actors are all spirits and soon
Are melted into air, into thin air
. . . .

And we are awake again to that other aspect of things which we call reality:

Dreams, indeed, they are: but such as even
Jove might dream.

Criticism is the study of the art by which the poet presents the emotional aspects of things so as to communicate his own feelings to others.

Emotion is not poetry, but the cause of poetry: and emotional expression is only poetry when it takes a beautiful form. Here again we are faced with the indefinable: we can only say that certain men have innate power to produce under the influence of emotion sounds and sights that thrill the senses of other men, and that the exercise of that power is called art—music, painting, sculpture, perhaps acting. To exist as poetry, emotion must be translated into music and visual images, clear and beautiful; they may be terrible or saddening, but still beautiful; for it has been said that the greatest mystery of poetry is its power to invest the saddest things with beauty. When emotion takes an inartistic form, the result is not poetry but a sort of echo of poetry, sometimes so like the real thing that only a cultivated taste can distinguish between them. Then why trouble to do so? I cannot too strongly affirm that only by such trouble and training can we appreciate art at all or get any real good from it. "We needs must love the

highest when we see it": that applies to God alone and not to the works of any of His creatures. But if "appreciate" be substituted for "see," then it is true of art.

The echo of poetry awakes not emotion but that shadow of emotion, sentimentalism; usually as harmless as it is useless; but capable of becoming, when indulged, the most pernicious influence that can enter the heart of man. The most infamous name in human history is his who died with the words on his lips, "What an artist perishes in me!" So have other sentimentalists deluded themselves, even in our own time. Criticism of letters, the effort to realise a genuine emotion, as Voltaire said, and Cicero before him, "nourishes the soul, strengthens its integrity, furnishes a solace to it"; but an uncritical susceptibility to mere sentiment is more dangerous than the craving for strong drink.

This matter is of such vital importance to my point of view that unless I succeed in making it clear and carrying the reader with me, the rest of my labour will be lost. I will try to explain by an example. Eliza Cook's verses on "The Old Arm-Chair" have been familiar to three generations:

> I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
> To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
> I've treasured it long, as a sainted prize,
> I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
> 'Tis bound by a thousand links to my heart;
> Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
> Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there.
> And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

That is the attempt to express a real emotion, one of the deepest and purest that the heart can know, the loving remembrance of a dead mother. Yet somehow it misses the emotions and only awakens sentiment; sentimental minds may not be aware of the difference; but it does not "tell" with most of us. The reason is that the form, the medium of expression, is not adequate to convey, to communicate, the emotion.

First, and most significant, it is lacking in musical power; I shall try to examine later on the technique of musical lines, but in the present instance the ear alone is a sufficient guide, and it *feels* these verses to have no adequate volume of sound to impart a strong emotion and no cadences to voice a deep one. If the verses are read aloud and then immediately afterwards

> O that those lips had language! Life has passed
> With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
> Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
> The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
> Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
> "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
> The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
> (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
> The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
> To quench it) here shines on me still the same—

"The Old Arm-Chair" will sound like a mere jingle by the side of the solemn and deep musical note of Cowper's lines; yet the same emotion inspired both. Each is written in rhyming couplets with ten syllables to the line; but one rattles along with a bounce and a jerk: the other has a slow, grave movement befitting its sad reflective theme. Shall we say that

Cowper loved his mother more deeply than Eliza Cook loved hers? I believe that not the depth of emotion but the power to transmute it into music, the command of the emotional medium, constitutes the real difference. Words may be but a tinkling cymbal even when there *is* love.

But, secondly, the visual images, the pictures, in "The Old Arm-Chair" are vague and indefinite; we are not *made* to see them; and if we wish to do so we must construct them for ourselves "from information received." Then we have to view an old arm-chair as "a prize"—an unusual rôle for a piece of second-hand furniture to play; and as it has been "bedewed," a risk to which indoor effects are not meant to be subjected nor formed to sustain, it is not likely to excite much competition even though its being "embalmed" (but "sighs" are a poor preservative) might seem to warrant its durability. But whoever wins this prize must apparently take the lady as well; for it "is bound by a thousand links to her heart," not one of which will break. One line of Cowper, "The meek intelligence of those dear eyes," has more worth for the imagination than this whole stanza. I should be very sorry to make fun of a daughter's love for her dead mother. I am trying to show that the form of emotional expression does not convey the real emotion, and that those who fancy themselves "moved" by it are from laziness or carelessness taking the shadow for the substance and deluding themselves with mere words. By such readers the

publishers of feuilletons grow rich; worse still, a sense of unreality gradually grows upon them—for Eliza Cook's verses are much nearer the real thing than the great mass of bad verse—and then they assume that all poetry is an echo and a fiction, and cease to read it in any form. I fancy that people who have no taste for poetry fall roughly into two classes: those who have been fed on sentiment till they sickened of it, and those who have been crammed with notes on meanings and allusions and grammatical examples and biographical records until they have learned to curse the poets and all their works.

But neither of these classes has known poetry at all. I am not going to add another failure to the many attempts at defining what in its very essence is undefinable: but on the tomb of Lord Falkland's grandfather in Burford Church is an epitaph written by his wife; it concludes with a quatrain which always to me seems to express in poetry of the tenderest beauty the most essential truth about poetry:

Love made me poet
And this I writt,
My harte did doe yt,
And not my witt.

. . . .

A poet, by his very name, is a "maker": a maker of music, and of pictures; and in both, to some extent, a maker of the material—viz. language—in which he works.

E. A. GREENING LAMBORN.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY AND MOZART'S SYMPHONY IN G MINOR[1]

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

About once every six months I am seized with a desire to hear the Unfinished Symphony. If this is impracticable, the desire can be partly assuaged by the G Minor of Mozart; failing this, nothing but violent distraction of work—a revolting alternative—can get rid of it. I do not say that these are the two greatest symphonies in the world, or that Schubert and Mozart are the two greatest composers. But there is something about the Unfinished and the G Minor which no other music possesses, as the man says in Kipling, "These are the pure magic. These are the clear vision. The rest is only poetry." When the human race stands at the bar on the day of judgment to show justification for its existence, we shall doubtless have a great deal to say; but our best defence will be to send for an orchestra and play, first, the rise of the violins above the theme in the slow movement of the G Minor, and second, the call of the horn just before the reprise in the second movement of the Unfinished, on the octave of E, *pianissimo*, four times repeated.

Nothing can alter the effect of the Unfinished. I have heard it played by a superb orchestra, by a moderate orchestra, by an amateur orchestra; under

[1] From *The Promenade Ticket* by the late A. H. Sidgwick. By permission.

Colonne, under Mengelberg, under Richter, under Steinbach, under Wood (order alphabetical), under an energetic but limited enthusiast, under a gentleman who was evidently making the best of a bad job. I have heard it with every detail perfect, the strings exquisite and poignant beyond belief, the oboe concentrating in its lament the secular sorrow of humanity. I have heard it with a gross and exasperating exaggeration of the *rallentandos.* I have heard it with the wood-wind out of tune, and the drum making wild shots at his part and finally abandoning it in despair. But at every hearing the thing itself stands out indubitable, apart from and above any varieties of interpretation.

And what it is admits of little doubt. However much we may deprecate programmes, and boggle over the verbal interpretation of music, we cannot miss the meaning of this symphony. It is tragedy at its keenest —not the serene and ample tragedy of the Greeks, but the more personal and modern tragedy which springs from actual sorrow and suffering, which moves to no large predestined end, but dashes like a forlorn hope in the face of fate, and reels back broken and despairing. Greek tragedy at its best is the profoundest life of a community made conscious: at its worst, it is a rather dull problem in predestination. Modern tragedy at its worst is pathological delirium: at its best—well, read the third act of *King Lear* or listen to the working out in the first movement of the Unfinished Symphony.

There is a phrase of a Shakespeare critic which
ways comes into my mind at the crisis of this
ovement. The two beautiful themes for wood-
nd and strings, by which most people remember
is symphony, are laid aside altogether in the
orking out—silenced, as it were, by the terrific
nison on the key-note of the minor which opens it.
We return to the first theme of all—the dim fore-
boding in the 'cellos and basses on which the sym-
phony begins. It sinks down low on the 'cellos,
rises high on the fiddles, quickening its pace as the
pain becomes more unbearable. Thrice with in-
creasing passion the strings range down two octaves,
from loud to soft, from frenzy to despair: thrice
they are interrupted by the sad whisper of the wood-
wind in syncopation. And then—it is the supreme
moment of the symphony—while we wonder what
climax of agony is coming, we return simply to the
plain theme with which we started, thundered out
in the key of E minor. As the Shakespeare critic
says, "The last terror confronts us: our dream has
come true."

This is as far as I am prepared to go in the sweet
but fallacious game of programme-interpretation.
The symphony, after all, is a symphony and not
an ordered exposition of the woes of humanity, and
if we ever get over-objectifying we are brought up
sharp against some purely musical law which breaks
the logical order of the interpretation. In this case,
after the climax and the terrible hurrying on the

strings succeeding it—the mark *fz* in the score always lingers in my mind at this point—we go back by the good first-movement rule to the two other themes, not from any psychological motive, but simply because they have to be repeated. If you expect Schubert's final view on the universe at this point, you will be disappointed: if you are out for music you will not.

At the end of the first movement let me recommend to my fellow-laymen an excellent rule applying to all symphonies, but particularly to this and the G Minor. During the applause at the end, shut your ears and continue to hum furiously to yourself the notes of the tonic chord. You will then get the full effect of the change of key in the slow movement. Musical people can carry the chord in their heads, but unmusical people are apt to forget it, and so miss the electrical moment of the first chord in E Major. I once heard the G Minor played in the proper way, with only ten seconds between the first and second movements, and the result was that we jumped in our seats with a sudden rapture and hugged ourselves.

As for the rest of the slow movement, it is simply glorious and perfect music, with the supreme inspiration of the horn-call. There is calmness in it, but not the calmness of a happy man, there is no merging of sorrow in a larger peace, but only the acquiescence that comes with exhaustion. Once more the price is paid which the topmost flights of music demand—the price of a broken life and a

tortured imagination. One can only hope that Schubert felt that the price was not paid in vain; that the little spectacled man who suffered and sorrowed and died young was glad to lay this supreme tribute of sorrow and suffering at the feet of the gods who loved him.

THE G MINOR SYMPHONY OF MOZART

THE G Minor Symphony of Mozart is not to be criticised; it stands secure above all criticism. If anyone frames a definition of good music, the only question is, "Does the definition cover the G Minor?" If it does not, you need not worry further.

If you resent this *ex cathedrâ* judgment, I can only say, "Listen to the slow movement." Is there anything else created by man in this imperfect world to touch it? The first statement of the theme, with the strings entering one above the other, and the successive swoops down to B and A natural against th soft E flat of the horns, is wonder enough. But th is only the beginning. On the repeat the violins so away above, revealing new splendours in the firm ment; and there follows all the delicious interplay demi-semi-quavers skipping up and down the sc with the strong measure of the theme procee gravely underneath. The final miracle comes—i usual place for miracles—at the end of the wo out, where a little dialogue of four bars be flute and oboe marks, once and for ever, the fu

reach of human imagination, the supreme yearning after perfection.

The Symphony settles some questions which otherwise might vex us. We know now what music is played in heaven: we know also, as a subsidiary point, that clarinets are not employed there. In our terrestrial rough-and-tumble we need clarinets at times, just as we need trombones; but in heaven they are not wanted. Some of the ineffable lightness and grace of the G Minor is undoubtedly due (humanly speaking) to the absence of clarinets. The rest is due to another cause—namely, pure genius.

A. H. SIDGWICK.

HUXLEY'S TEACHING

"It has been *fortunate* for the intellectual interest of life that the peace-loving Darwin and the self-effacing Wallace should have had a coadjutor more vividly touched with earthly fire, like the mortal charger who, champing more fiercely in the battle's fray, kept pace with the two undying steeds of Achilles. But we must remember that Professor Huxley's trenchant polemic has cast a kind of glory about the mere fact of man's ignorance which cannot possibly be kept *up for long. Battles there will always be; but never again*, perhaps, such a plunging through half-armed foemen, such an *ἀριστεία* of the Agnostic [such a record of individual triumphant feats], as we associate with that brilliant name."—F. W. H. MYERS (Essay on "Charles Darwin and Agnosticism").

YES, battles there will always be, and Huxley was a splendid fighter, *but the ostensible cause for which* he fought—insistence on our present ignorance and

on the folly of pretending to know what in truth we do not—is not a cause of satisfying fullness.

Ignorance it is right to confess, but it is never a thing to glory in. Only in an age in which rash assertion and mistaken tradition dominated thought too strongly was the flag of the Agnostic a conquering and triumphant emblem.

The battle has already shifted to other grounds; and before the end of his life Huxley realised that a great part of his warfare on the negative side was accomplished, and that it remained to restrain his camp-followers from prowling too savagely among the dead and wounded.

The essential and permanent aspect of his teaching, like the teaching of all men of science, lies on the positive side; and here effort is still necessary, for, though a great deal has been accomplished, the scientific training and interest of the average educated man is still lamentably deficient. Nor are the attempts to remedy the deficiency, as carried out in schools and colleges, always of the wisest and happiest kind. Nevertheless an effort is being made; and when things have settled down into their due proportion, future generations will recognise how much they owe to the preachings and teachings, the lay sermons and lectures, of Huxley.

The supremacy of truth, the reality of things, the cultivation of the senses, the need for realistic education and understanding of the physical universe in the midst of which man is set, the folly of yielding

to mere glamour, and the sin of sophisticating what we can perceive of truth by hope of reward or dread of consequence—all this he strenuously fought for; and surely we may say that on the whole he won. No recognised branch of natural knowledge is now excluded from contemplation by reasonable men nor is stringent inquiry cursed or dreaded, even by those to whose general purview it appeared at one time to be alien. The universe is recognised as one; and loyal allegiance must be accorded to every proven fact.

The battle is now transferred from this general contention to a more special one:—What range of facts can we admit into the category of positive knowledge? How much wider can we make the area of rational contemplation? Shall the human race be for ever limited to the domain of ether and atoms alone—as W. K. Clifford imagined—or are there other existences, just as real, just as important, just as well worthy of study, just as deserving of scrutiny by scientific methods?

It was no attack on Religion that Huxley led, it was an attack on the *præjudicia* of religion—the bland assumptions which did duty for reasoning, the self-interested arguments which concentrated attention on the past, attempted to despise the present, and held out illusory hopes for the future.

Study the universe before you, the living universe, with its traditions and history incorporated in it

cease to limit yourselves to the fancies and speculations of more ignorant times: that was Huxley's message.

A piece of chalk, he said, rightly interpreted, will tell you more about the physical history of the world than myriads of books. Try and learn the language of the chalk—"it is easier than Latin," so he said; and whoso knows the true history of a bit of chalk in a carpenter's pocket "is likely, if he will think his knowledge out to its ultimate results, to have a truer, and therefore a better, conception of this wonderful universe, and of man's relation to it, than the most learned student who is deep-read in the records of humanity and ignorant of those of nature."

This is language appropriate to intellectual warfare. It is part of his battle cry, it is an emphatic statement of one side of the truth, it is not the whole truth. Its comparative side is its weak side: it is not really necessary to decry other forms of learning in order to exalt one—and Huxley showed later that he did not think so; it was only because one side was being neglected, and the other was in possession of the field, that he stood up manfully for the outcast, and dragged it into a prominent position.

The comparative side of his utterance was pugnacious, and therefore temporary, but the positive side is eternally true. Every bit of chalk *is* related to all the rest of the universe; and he who would know all about it—the life of the creatures whose

remains compose it, its past, present, and future in all its phases—must have a grasp of the universe beyond the present scope of man. Tennyson said the same thing, more poetically, in his "Flower in the crannied wall."

But granting all this, what then? Because we are not to jump to conclusions too rapidly, because we must make our bearings and foundations sure, because our hopes and predictions must be well founded—is there to be no future, no hope for the human race? Is the end of all human struggle and effort to coincide with the probable end of the solar system—a dark, dead, lifeless lump careering through the depths of space? That were to reason too curiously to reason so.

Darwin could not contemplate such an ending—his instinct rebelled against it. In a notable passage he expresses the placid disbelief of an open-eyed investigator in such a conclusion—an investigator to whom the avenues of knowledge were in this direction closed, and who therefore would make no assertion one way or the other, but who instinctively felt that there must be some other answer. This he says:

"Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress."

And Tennyson, in his poem, "Despair," has

dramatically and impersonally voiced a violent development of the same feeling:

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?

And again in "Vastness":

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

But in the fighting age such instincts and feelings and longings had rigorously to be suppressed. They were too perilously near the old bulwarks of superstition, which were to be broken down. Hence the side of assured positive knowledge was to be kept in the van—there was indeed plenty to do—and a more comprehensive understanding of the puzzles of existence might wait until some positive knowledge began to appear, throwing the light of day upon them also.

While things remain in the dark they must be ignored. This is the basis of the Agnostic position. Flashes of speculation inevitably broke around it, and the hope was not lacking that "out of the molecular forces in a mutton chop Hamlet or Faust

could be deduced by the physics of the future." But this enthusiastic and more than half-playful utterance of Tyndall (*Life and Letters of Huxley*, i. 231) is showing itself baseless—as baseless and as alien to the truly Agnostic position as any of the superstitions that were then being attacked. Nevertheless, it is an interesting sign of the enthusiasm kindled by the physical discoveries of the nineteenth century—interesting and quite intelligible, and in its way legitimate—for readers of the present day should learn where to emphasise, and where to discount, the utterances of the teachers of an enthusiastic and a fighting age.

Here, for instance, is the conclusion that Huxley draws from his piece of chalk, which, like lime exposed to the oxy-hydrogen flame, had become luminous under his scrutiny, so that "its clear rays, penetrating the abyss of the remote past, have brought within our ken some stages of the evolution of the earth. And in the shifting 'without haste but without rest' of the land and sea, as in the endless variation of the forms assumed by living beings, we have observed nothing but the natural product of the forces originally possessed by the substance of the universe."

Yes, that is a narrowly logical position. Keep rigidly to scrutiny of the material universe, and nothing beyond matter and force shall you discover. The conclusions that you draw will be entirely appropriate to the data. Things belonging to Cæsar will

be rendered unto Cæsar. Of things not so belonging it need not yet be the time to discourse.

It would be a great mistake to assume that in all his contentions Huxley was right: we can imagine his sarcasm at the notion of infallibility in connection with his utterances. In a few cases he went, in my judgment, seriously wrong; and, led astray by controversial successes, he occasionally inflicted undeserved blows upon causes which had much of good in them and which might have flourished with his help—upon such a cause as the early efforts at social work of the Salvation Army, for instance. And, by his concentrated insistence on the material side of things, he sometimes led his hearers to imagine that it was the only side that mattered, or even the only one that existed. Nevertheless it was not really against Religion that Huxley was wielding his battle-axe: it was against the Fetishism, the Polytheism, the Theism or Atheism and many other isms, with the relative merits and demerits of which, as he said, he had nothing to do:—"But this it is needful for my purpose to say, that if the religion of the present differs from that of the past, it is because the theology of the present has become more scientific than that of the past; because it has not only renounced idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of books and traditions and fine-spun ecclesiastical cobwebs: and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship

'for the most part of the silent sort' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable."

Here again we encounter a glorification of the Unknown God, which, as was implied before, cannot for ever, nor for long, be an object of rational worship. The intellectual business of the human race, and of scientific investigators, is to attack the Unknown and to make it, so far as possible, gradually known. Never completely known, nor at all adequately known, but never unknowable. Infinite things cannot be grasped by finite comprehension—in that sense unknowable, yes, but in no other. The universe itself is unknowable, in the sense of being infinite; but the human aspect of it is open to our examination and comprehension—with that we have kinship and instinctive affinities—and it would only confuse the issue, and muddy the stream of scientific exploration, if we were to start on our quest with the idea that anything whatever was in any real and practical sense "unknowable."

To be able to ask a question is the first step towards getting an answer. There must be myriads of things in the universe about which it has never occurred to a human being to formulate any sort of idea. Those truly are outside our present ken; but anything of which we can discourse and think—that is on the way, by patience and perseverance and rigorous care and truthfulness, to become known.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

THE POETRY OF SCOTT

THE critic who would praise without reserve the poetry of Scott has not only all the other critics against him, but has to reckon with Sir Walter himself. He frankly stated that he never cared much for his own poetry: he did not think it of sufficient excellence for his children to read, but regarded it as a "light horse" kind of rhyme, fit for young men fond of adventure and of the open air. In his address to William Erskine, his friend and adviser, in the Preface to the Third Canto of *Marmion*, he speaks as all honest poets must speak to all such friends. These are continually asking a man not to be himself, not to do what heaven has given him the power of doing, but to attempt something else. Erskine wanted Scott to study the classics.

> Vos exemplaria Graeca
> Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

He suggested topics: "Brunswick's venerable hearse," the "Red Cross Knight," or a revival of Tragedy, which Sir Walter, as enthusiastic for his friends' work as indifferent to his own, thought had been sufficiently revived by Miss Joanna Baillie. He himself was content to—

> Ape the measure wild
> Of tales that charmed me as a child.

He describes his early boyhood, the haunted towers he knew—

> Methought that still with tramp and clang
> The gateway's broken arches rang . . .
> And ever, by the winter hearth,
> Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,
> Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,
> Of witches' spells, and warriors' arms.

Scottish memories, all the hot-blooded past of the race, these were, these were to be, his topics. His manner was, and was to be, what heaven made it—

> Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
> Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale.

So he wrote from Ashestiel, perhaps while clouds blew down the vale of Tweed, and the river roared red below the cliff, and the Peel burn leaped down to join the stream. "The classic poet's well-conned task," he said, "was not for him," who brooked ill the labour of the file, who had no skill in magic words, like Shakespeare and Keats, who told a plain story, rapidly, copiously, powerfully, but left little (though he left something) for the heart to meditate, for the mere pleasure of its "fairy way of writing."

No critic can stand up against Sir Walter's own lucid theory of his own poetry. He is not a reflective poet, anxious *rerum cognoscere causas*, straining his sight to behold what is hidden from men, and labour- to discover the secret springs of human thought, character, and conduct. No man is less speculative. He is content with broad, obvious surfaces, co'

sounds. He gives us no deep thoughts, few really magical cadences, no trimmed and polished art. He is at the opposite pole from Virgil, but he is, except in his lack of reflection, very closely akin to a greater than Virgil, to Homer. He is, and he is likely to remain, the Latest Minstrel, the last voice of the old world, akin to Homer, still more akin to Homer's bards. Phemius and Demodocus. The deeds, not the thoughts of men, are his matter; passions expressed in action, not passions analysed in the poetic laboratory. So potent was his genius, so inspiring the martial tramp and clang of his measures, that he made the new world listen to the accents of the old. But the world must go its own way, and think its new thoughts, with Shelley, with Tennyson, with Wordsworth. Scott drove the shadow back on the dial for an hour, as it were; but the shadow, the pale cast of *thought*, crept forward again. We have left behind us the age which delights in long narrative poems; we take our narratives now in prose. . Thus the Muse of Scott could not expect always to be received with the early raptures which never were critical raptures. The reviewers, from Jeffrey downwards, were from the first very keen to note the faults of which Sir Walter himself was so keenly conscious—the recklessness, the occasional blank defect of inspiration, the hasty and inaccurate rhyme, the lapses into doggerel. The public, too, slackened in its *engouĕment*. Byron, the first and greatest of Scott's imitators, gave them verse often much inferior to his. But Byron's personal

force, the mystery with which he surrounded himself, his adventures, real or fabled, his beauty—nay, even his title, dominated the world of readers, who, tired of the mountain and the flood, fell eagerly on tales of the Orient, and on darkling Levantine pirates. Byron was newer, more actual, he was thought to be his own hero, while Scott's heroes were his ancestors. Consequently the wise world left Scott, and followed after Byron, while few dreamed that Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth were really poets more essentially poetical, more permanent, than either the Peer or the Sheriff of the Forest. Our modern taste finds them more acceptable, and is disinclined to read romances in rhyme, consequently Scott is, probably, at this moment rather undervalued than overrated as a poet. His prose romances have been the most dangerous rivals of his verse. Yet even the most "cultured" and "æsthetic" opinion must allow that Scott's best passages of rapid and warlike flight remain unequalled in the language, while his lyric note was entirely fresh, entirely his own; solitary, unique, in the poetry of Britain.

ANDREW LANG.

ELEVENTH SECTION

INSIGHT AND VISION

THE FUTURE OF MAN

(Mr. Huss speaks.)

"We do not realise what in a little while mankind could do. Our power over matter, our power over life, our power over ourselves, would increase year by year and day by day. . . .

"And such knowledge and power and beauty as we poor watchers before the dawn can guess at are but the beginning of all that could arise out of these shadows and this torment. Not for ever shall life be marooned upon this planet, imprisoned by the cold and incredible emptiness of space. Is it not plain to you all, from what man in spite of everything has achieved, that he is but at the beginning of achievement? That presently he will take his body and his life and mould them to his will, that he will take gladness and beauty for himself as a girl will pick a flower and twine it in her hair. You have said that when industrial competition ends among men all change in the race will be at an end. But you said that unthinkingly. For when a collective will grows plain, there will be no blind thrusting into life and no blind battle to keep in life, like the battle

of a crowd crushed into a *cul-de-sac*, any more. The qualities that serve the great ends of the race will be cherished and increased; the sorts of men and women who have these qualities least will be made to understand the necessary restraints of their limitation. You said that when men ceased to compete, they would stand still. Rather it is true that when men cease their internecine war, then and then only can the race sweep forward. The race will grow in power and beauty swiftly, in every generation it will grow, and not only the human race. All this world will man make a garden for himself, ruling not only his kind but all the lives that live, banishing the cruel from life, making the others merciful and tame beneath his hand. The flies and mosquitoes, the thorns and poisons, the fungus in the blood, and the murrain upon his beasts, he will utterly end. He will rob the atoms of their energy and the depths of space of their secrets. He will break his prison in space. He will step from star to star as now we step from stone to stone across a stream. . . .

"It is not a dream I tell, but a reality. The world is for man, the stars in their courses are for man—if only he will follow the God who calls to him and take the gift God offers. As I sit here and talk of these things to you here, they become so plain to me that I cannot understand your silence and why you do not burn—as I burn—with the fire of God's purpose. . . ."

H. G. WELLS.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

"ANYTUS and Meletus can kill me, but they cannot hurt me," said Socrates; and Governor Sancho, with all the itch of newly-acquired authority, could not make the young weaver of steel heads for lances sleep in prison. In the Vision of Er the souls passed straight forward under the throne of necessity, and out into the plains of forgetfulness, where they must severally drink of the river of unmindfulness whose waters cannot be held in any vessel. The throne, the plain, and the river are still here, but in the distance rise the great lone heavenward hills, and the wise among us no longer ask of the Gods Lethe, but rather remembrance. Necessity can set me helpless on my back, but she cannot keep me there, nor can four walls limit my vision. I pass out from under her throne into the garden of God a free man, to my ultimate beatitude or my exceeding shame. All day long this world lies open to me; ay, and other worlds also, if I will but have it so; and when night comes I pass into the kingdom and power of the dark.

I lie through the long hours and watch my bridge, which is set with lights across the gloom; watch the traffic which is for me but so many passing lamps telling their tale by varying height and brightness. I hear under my window the sprint of over-tired horses; the rattle of uncertain wheels as the street-

sellers hasten south; the jangle of cab bells as the theatre-goers take their homeward way; the gruff altercation of weary men, the unmelodious song and clamorous laugh of women whose merriment is wearier still. Then comes a time of stillness when the light in the sky waxes and wanes, when the cloud-drifts obscure the stars, and I gaze out into the blackness set with watching eyes. No sound comes from without but the voice of the night-wind and the cry of the hour. The clock on the mantelpiece ticks imperatively, for a check has fallen on the familiarity which breeds a disregard for common things, and a reason has to be sought for each sound that claims a hearing. The pause is wonderful while it lasts, but it is not for long. The working world awakes, the poorer brethren take up the burden of service; the dawn lights the sky; remembrance cries an end to forgetting.

Sometimes in the country on a night in summer you may shut the cottage door to step out into an immense darkness which palls heaven and earth. Going forward into the embrace of the great gloom, you are as a babe swaddled by the hands of night into helpless quiescence. Your feet tread an unseen path, your hands grasp at a void, or shrink from the contact they cannot realise; your eyes are holden; your voice would die in your throat did you seek to rend the veil of that impenetrable silence.

Shut in by the intangible dark, we are brought up against those worlds within worlds blotted out by

our concrete daily life. The working of the great microcosm at which we peer dimly through the little window of science; the wonderful, breathing earth; the pulsing, throbbing sap; the growing fragrance shut in the calyx of to-morrow's flower; the heart-beat of a sleeping world that we dream that we know; and around, above, and interpenetrating all, the world of dreams, of angels and of spirits.

For the moment we have left behind the realm of question and explanation, of power over matter and the exercise of bodily faculties; and passed into darkness alight with visions we cannot see, into silence alive with voices we cannot hear. Like helpless men we set our all on the one thing left us, and lift up our hearts, knowing that we are but a mere speck among a myriad worlds, yet greater than the sum of them; having our roots in the dark places of the earth, but our branches in the sweet airs of heaven.

It is the material counterpart of the "Night of the Soul." We have left our house and set forth in the darkness which paralyses those faculties that make us men in the world of men. But surely the great mystics, with all their insight and heavenly love, fell short when they sought freedom in complete separateness from creation instead of in perfect unity with it. The Greeks knew better when they flung Ariadne's crown among the stars, and wrote Demeter's grief on a barren earth, and Persephone's joy in the fruitful field. For the earth is gathered up in man; he is the whole which is greater than the sum of its

parts. Standing in the image of God, and clothed in the garment of God, he lifts up priestly hands and presents the sacrifice of redeemed earth before the throne of the All-Father. "Dust and ashes and a house of devils," he cries; and there comes back the answer, "Rex concupiscet decorum tuum."

The Angel of Death has broad wings of silence and mystery with which he shadows the valley where we need fear no evil, and where the voice which speaks to us is as the "voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts." It is a place of healing and preparation, of peace and refreshing after the sharply defined outline of a garish day. Walking there we learn to use those natural faculties of the soul which are hampered by the familiarity of bodily progress, to apprehend the truths which we have intellectually accepted. It is the place of secrets where the humility which embraces all attainable knowledge cries "I know not"; and while we proclaim from the house-tops that which we have learnt, the manner of our learning lies hid for each one of us in the sanctuary of our souls.

The Egyptians, in their ancient wisdom, set in the desert a great androsphinx, image of mystery and silence, staring from under level brows across the arid sands of the sea-way. The Greeks borrowed and debased the image, turning the inscrutable into a semi-woman who asked a foolish riddle, and hurled herself down in petulant pride when Œdipus answered aright. So we, marring the office of silence, question

ts mystery; thwart ourselves with riddles of our own suggesting; and turn away, leaving our offering but half consumed on the altar of the unknown god. It was not the theft of fire that brought the vengeance of heaven upon Prometheus, but the mocking sacrifice. Orpheus lost Euridice because he must see her face before the appointed time. Persephone ate of the pomegranate and hungered in gloom for the light of day which should have been endless.

The universe is full of miracle and mystery; the darkness and silence are set for a sign we dare not despise. The pall of night lifts, leaving us engulphed in the light of immensity under a tossing heaven of stars. The dawn breaks, but it does not surprise us, for we have watched from the valley and seen the pale twilight. Through the wondrous Sabbath of faithful souls, the long day of rosemary and rue, the light brightens in the East; and we pass on towards it with quiet feet and opening eyes, bearing with us all of the redeemed earth that we have made our own, until we are fulfilled in the sunrise of the great Easter Day, and the people come from north and south and east and west to the City which lieth four-square—the Beatific Vision of God.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

VISION

(*IN THE TRAINING CAMPS OF 1914*)

WHO of all those who were in camp at that time, and still are alive, will not remember until he dies the second boyhood that he had in the late frosts and then in the swiftly filling and bursting spring and early summer of 1915? The awakening bird-notes of *Réveillé* at dawn, the two-mile run through auroral mists breaking over a still inviolate England, the men's smoking breath and the swish of their feet brushing the dew from the tips of the June grass and printing their track of darker green on the pearly-grey turf; the long, intent morning parades under the gummy shine of chestnut buds in the deepening meadows; the peace of the tranquil hours on guard at some sequestered post, alone with the sylvester midnight, the wheeling stars and the quiet breathing of the earth in its sleep, when time, to the sentry's sense, fleets on unexpectedly fast and life seems much too short because day has slipped into day without the night-long sleeper's false sense of a pause; and then jocund days of marching and digging trenches in the sun; the silly little songs on the road that seemed, then, to have tunes most human, pretty, and jolly; the dinners of haversack rations you ate as you sat on the road-makers' heap of chopped stones or lay back among buttercups.

When you think of the youth that you have lost, the times when it seems to you now that life was most poignantly good may not be the ones when everything seemed at the time to go well with your plans, and the world, as they say, to be at your feet; rather some few unaccountable moments when nothing took place that was out of the way and yet some word of a friend's, or a look on the face of the sky, the taste of a glass of spring water, the plash of laughter and oars heard across midsummer meadows at night raised the soul of enjoyment within you to strangely higher powers of itself. That spirit bloweth and is still: it will not rise for our whistling nor keep a time-table; no wine that we know can give us anything more than a fugitive caricature of its ecstasies. When it has blown free we remember it always, and know, without proof, that while the rapture was there we were not drunk, but wise; that for a moment some intervening darkness had thinned and we were seeing further than we can see now into the heart of life.

To one recollection at least it seemed that the Ne Army's spring-time of faith and joyous illusion car to its height on a night late in the most beautiful M of 1915, in a hut where thirty men slept near a for in Essex. Nothing particular happened; the ni was like others. Yet in the times that came a when half of the thirty were dead and most of others jaded and soured, the feel of that night v come back with the strange distinctness of

picked, remembered mornings and evenings of boyhood when everything that there was became everlastingly memorable as though it had been the morning or evening of the first day. Ten o'clock came and Lights Out, but a kind of luminous bloom still on the air and a bugle blowing Last Post in some far-away camp that kept worse hours than we. I believe the whole hut held its breath to hear the notes better. Who wouldn't, to hear that most lovely and melancholy of calls, the noble death of each day's life, a sound moving about hither and thither, like a veiled figure making gestures both stately and tender, among the dim thoughts that we have about death, the approaching extinguisher—resignation and sadness and unfulfilment and triumph all coming back to the overbearing sense of extinction in those two recurrent notes of Lights Out? One listens as if with bowed mind, as though saying: "Yes; out, out, brief candle." A moment's silence to let it sink in and the chaffing and laughter broke out like a splash of cool water in summer again. That hut always went to bed laughing and chaffing all round, and, though there was no wit among us, the stories tasted of life, the inexhaustible game and adventure. . . .

The world seemed clean that night; such a lovely unreason of optimist faith was astir in us all,

> We felt for that time ravish'd above earth
> And possess'd joys not promised at our birth.

C. E. MONTAGUE.

When you think of the youth that you have lost, e times when it seems to you now that life was ost poignantly good may not be the ones when verything seemed at the time to go well with your plans, and the world, as they say, to be at your feet; rather some few unaccountable moments when nothing took place that was out of the way and yet some word of a friend's, or a look on the face of the sky, the taste of a glass of spring water, the plash of laughter and oars heard across midsummer meadows at night raised the soul of enjoyment within you to strangely higher powers of itself. That spirit bloweth and is still: it will not rise for our whistling nor keep a time-table; no wine that we know can give us anything more than a fugitive caricature of its ecstasies. When it has blown free we remember it always, and know, without proof, that while the rapture was there we were not drunk, but wise; that for a moment some intervening darkness had thinned and we were seeing further than we can see now into the heart of life.

To one recollection at least it seemed that the New Army's spring-time of faith and joyous illusion came to its height on a night late in the most beautiful May of 1915, in a hut where thirty men slept near a forest in Essex. Nothing particular happened; the night was like others. Yet in the times that came after, when half of the thirty were dead and most of the others jaded and soured, the feel of that night would come back with the strange distinctness of thos

picked, remembered mornings and evenings of boyhood when everything that there was became everlastingly memorable as though it had been the morning or evening of the first day. Ten o'clock came and Lights Out, but a kind of luminous bloom still on the air and a bugle blowing Last Post in some far-away camp that kept worse hours than we. I believe the whole hut held its breath to hear the notes better. Who wouldn't, to hear that most lovely and melancholy of calls, the noble death of each day's life, a sound moving about hither and thither, like a veiled figure making gestures both stately and tender, among the dim thoughts that we have about death, the approaching extinguisher—resignation and sadness and unfulfilment and triumph all coming back to the overbearing sense of extinction in those two recurrent notes of Lights Out? One listens as if with bowed mind, as though saying: "Yes; out, out, brief candle." A moment's silence to let it sink in and the chaffing and laughter broke out like a splash of cool water in summer again. That hut always went to bed laughing and chaffing all round, and, though there was no wit among us, the stories tasted of life, the inexhaustible game and adventure. . . .

The world seemed clean that night; such a lovely unreason of optimist faith was astir in us all,

We felt for that time ravish'd above earth
And possess'd joys not promised at our birth.

C. E. Montague.

VISION

(II)

AMONG the mind's powers is one that comes of itself to many children and artists. It need not be lost, to the end of his days, by anyone who has ever had it. This is the power of taking delight in a thing, or rather in anything, everything, not as a means to some other end, but just because it is what it is, as the lover dotes on whatever may be the traits of the beloved object. A child in the full health of his mind will put his hand flat on the summer turf, feel it, and give a little shiver of private glee at the elastic firmness of the globe. He is not thinking how well it will do for some game or to feed sheep upon. That would be the way of the wooer whose mind runs on his mistress's money. The child's is sheer affection, the true ecstatic sense of the thing's inherent characteristics. No matter what the things may be, no matter what they are good or no good for, there they are, each with a thrilling unique look and feel of its own, like a face, the iron astringently cool under its paint, the painted wood familiarly warmer, the clod crumbling enchantingly down in the hands, with its little dry smell of the sun and of hot nettles; each common thing a personality marked by delicious differences.

This joy of an Adam new to the garden and just looking round is brought by the normal child to the

things that he does as well as those that he sees. To be suffered to do some plain work with the real spade used by mankind can give him a mystical exaltation: to come home with his legs, as the French say, re-entering his body from the fatigue of helping the gardener to weed beds sends him to sleep in the glow of a beatitude that is an end in itself. Then the paradoxes of conduct begin to twinkle into sight: sugar is good, but there is a time to refrain from taking it though you can: a lie will easily get you out of a scrape, and yet, strangely and beautifully, rapture possesses you when you have taken the scrape and left out the lie. Divine unreason, as little scrutable and yet as surely a friend as the star that hangs a lamp out from the Pole to show you the way across gorse-covered commons in Surrey. So he will toe the line of a duty, not with a mere release from dismay, but exultantly, with the fire and lifting of heart of the strong man and the bridegroom, feeling always the same secret and almost sensuous transport, while he suppresses a base impulse, that he felt when he pressed the warm turf with his hand or the crumbling clay trickled warm between his fingers.

C. E. MONTAGUE.

LANGUAGE

THE rich sound of voices impressed him above all things, and he saw that words have a far higher reason than the utilitarian office of imparting a man's thought. The common notion that language and linked words are important only as a means of expression he found a little ridiculous; as if electricity were to be studied solely with a view to "wiring" to people, and all its other properties left unexplored, neglected. Language, he understood, was chiefly important for the beauty of its sounds, by its possession of words resonant, glorious to the ear, by its capacity, when exquisitely arranged, of suggesting wonderful and indefinable impressions, perhaps more ravishing and farther removed from the domain of strict thought than the impressions excited by music itself. Here lay the hidden secret of the sensuous art of literature, it was the secret of suggestion, the art of causing delicious sensation by the use of words. In a way, therefore, literature was independent of thought; the mere English listener, if he had an ear attuned, could recognise the beauty of a splendid Latin phrase.

Here was the explanation of the magic of *Lycidas*. From the standpoint of the formal understanding it was an affected lament over some wholly uninteresting and unimportant Mr. King; it was full of nonsense

about "shepherds" and "flocks" and "muses" and such stale stock of poetry; the introduction of St. Peter on a stage thronged with nymphs and river-gods was blasphemous, absurd, and, in the worst taste, there were touches of greasy Puritanism, the twang of the conventicle was only too apparent. And *Lycidas* was probably the most perfect piece of pure literature in existence, because every word and phrase and line were sonorous, ringing and echoing with music.

"Literature," he re-enunciated in his mind, "is the sensuous art of causing exquisite impressions by means of words."

And yet there was something more: besides the logical thought, which was often a hindrance, a troublesome though inseparable accident, besides the sensation, always a pleasure and a delight, besides these there were the indefinable, inexpressible images which all fine literature summons to the mind. As the chemist in his experiments is sometimes astonished to find unknown, unexpected elements in the crucible or the receiver, as the world of material things is considered by some a thin veil of the immaterial universe, so he who reads wonderful prose or verse is conscious of suggestions that cannot be put into words, which do not rise from the logical sense, which are rather parallel to than connected with the sensuous delight. The world so disclosed is rather the world of dreams, rather the world in which children sometimes live, instantly appearing and instantly

anishing away, a world beyond all expression or nalysis, neither of the intellect nor of the senses. . . .

He cured himself of one great aversion. He was no longer nauseated at the sight of a story begun and left unfinished. Formerly, even when an idea rose in his mind bright and wonderful, he had always approached the paper with a feeling of sickness and dislike, remembering all the hopeless beginnings he had made. But now he understood that to begin a romance was almost a separate and special art, a thing apart from the story, to be practised with sedulous care. Whenever an opening scene occurred to him he noted it roughly in a book, and he devoted many long winter evenings to the elaboration of these beginnings. Sometimes the first impression would yield only a paragraph or a sentence, and once or twice but a splendid and sonorous word, which seemed to Lucian all dim and rich with unsurmised adventure. But often he was able to write three or four vivid pages, studying above all things the hint and significance of the words and actions, striving to work into the lines the atmosphere of expectation and promise, and the murmur of wonderful events to come.

In this one department of his task the labour seemed almost endless. He would finish a few pages and then rewrite them, using the same incident and nearly the same words, but altering that indefinite somethin which is scarcely so much style as manner or atm sphere. He was astonished at the enormous chan

that was thus effected, and often, though he himself had done the work, he could scarcely describe in words how it was done. But it was clear that in this art of manner, or suggestion, lay all the chief secrets of literature, that by it all the great miracles were performed. Clearly it was not style, for style in itself was untranslatable, but it was that high theurgic magic that made the English Don Quixote, roughly traduced by some Jarvis, perhaps the best of all English books. And it was the same element that made the journey of Roderick Random to London, ostensibly a narrative of coarse jokes and common experiences and burlesque manners, told in no very choice diction, essentially a wonderful vision of the eighteenth century, carrying to one's very nostrils the aroma of the Great North Road, iron-bound under black frost, darkened beneath the shuddering woods, haunted by highwaymen, with an adventure waiting beyond every turn, and great old echoing inns in the midst of lonely winter lands.

It was this magic that Lucian sought for his opening chapters; he tried to find that quality that gives to words something beyond their sound and beyond their meaning, that in the first lines of a book should whisper things unintelligible but all significant. Often he worked for many hours without success, and the grim wet dawn once found him still searching for hieroglyphic sentences, for words mystical, symbolic. On the shelves, in the upper part of his bureau, he had placed the books which, however various as to

matter, seemed to have a part in this curious quality of suggestion, and in that sphere which might almost be called supernatural. To these books he often had recourse, when further effort appeared altogether hopeless, and certain pages of Coleridge and Edgar Allan Poe had the power of holding him in a trance of delight, subject to emotions and impressions which he knew to transcend altogether the realm of the formal understanding. Such lines as:

> Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
> And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
> With forms that no man can discover
> For the dews that drip all over;

had for Lucian more than the potency of a drug, lulling him into a splendid waking-sleep, every word being a supreme incantation.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

SUPPOSE it were perfectly certain that the life an fortune of every one of us would, one day or othe depend upon his winning or losing a game at che Don't you think that we should all consider it to a primary duty to learn at least the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gam and a keen eye for all the means of giving and gett

out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that *the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one* of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us *being one of the two players in a game of his or her* own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we *know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake,* or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays *ill* is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse.*

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is *playing for love,* as we say, and would

rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam,

or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarse monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past, for any one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—nature having no Test Acts.

Those who take honours in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at

are plucked; and then you can't come up again. ature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is ettled so far as nature is concerned. Her Bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visite as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education—which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is th ly servant of his will, and does with ease an

pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such a one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely: she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

T. H. HUXLEY.

WHAT LIFE GAINS FROM DEATH

WE are so accustomed to regard death from such wrong angles and in such defective light that we often fail to see the many benefits it confers on life. Tradition has taught us to look upon death as an

inevitable evil. True vision will show us that, without death, life would lose many of its subtler beauties.

Our mortality is a provision necessary for the transmission of life. If there were no death, neither you who read these words nor I who write them would ever have walked this earth; for long before we were ushered into life the world would have been filled to overflowing with a jostling crowd of human beings, cursed with the gift of physical immortality, and there would have been no elbow room for more. Death makes possible the transference of life, with all its opportunities, from one generation to another:

Et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt.

And death gives life dynamic. If man knew that his days on earth were to be endless, if he were conscious that he would still persist, through infinite æons of time, with the same body and the same faculties as he has to-day, a denizen of the same earth, all incentive to bestir himself except to seek food and clothing would be lost. There would be no desire to make his mark in the world; no stimulating ambition to leave the world a little better than he found it; no hungry aspiration to be remembered after he is dead—for death is not to lay hands upon him. If there were no death, life would become a thing stagnant, monotonous and unspeakably burdensome.

Practically all the progress that man has made is due to the fact that he is mortal. He has recognised that he is in this world only for a little while, and this knowledge has been a goad to stimulate him to mak

diligent use of whatever talents he is endowed with. The secrets of Nature have been wrested from her grudging fingers by men who, knowing they were mortal, have sought to comprehend the mysteries of the world around them in the hope that knowledge might enable them, if not to circumvent death, at least to ameliorate the asperities of life for themselves and others. The consciousness of his finite life has compelled man to overcome his natural inertia, with the result that he ceases to live an entirely vegetative existence.

Every event of our lives is coloured and conditioned by our mortality. Death gives to each of them a new value, and we focus the facts of life more sharply because they are hedged about by death.

All our instincts and emotions are reinforced by death. If we were not mortal, the paternal and the maternal instincts would not dominate our lives so strongly as they do. If we knew that we should never die, we should have no desire for children to perpetuate our names and carry on the succession of the race. If we were not mortal, children would be regarded as a superfluous encumbrance: unnecessary and unwelcome occupiers of earth-space already sufficiently limited; impudent little interlopers for whom the world has no need. Thus, ultimately, we should arrive at a world without a child, surely a drearier and more desolate world than the blackest inferno ever conjured up by the morbid imagination of some self-torturing anchorite of the *Middle Ages*.

A world without a child would be a place in which there was no call for some of the finer and most beautiful emotions to which the human soul can give expression. If we were robbed of the opportunity of lavishing our affection on little children our natures would run the risk of becoming warped and atrophied.

As George Eliot said, "In every parting there is an image of death," and it is this simulacrum which flavours all human farewells with a sweet sadness, while it hallows all reunions with a holy joy. When a mother parts with her first-born son, whom the adventure of life has called to the other end of the world, it is death that gives a special poignancy to their parting. They may never see each other on earth again. That is the unspoken thought that, like a drawn sword, lies keen upon their hearts, and it is that which gives a fragrance to every letter that passes between them during the long years of their separation, and which makes holy ground of the old hearth-stone when they forgather about it again.

And death lends a peculiar sanctity to human love. Is not the marriage promise, "Till death us do part"? The bride of a man's youth, the faithful counsellor of his middle life, and the loyal companion of his old age is made dearer to him, and he to her, by the knowledge that some day death will separate them. And it is the same knowledge that makes a young mother clasp her sick child to her breast in an impotent agony of love and fear. A man may love his books, he may be proud of his collection of pictures, of old furniture

or of ancient brasses, but the love he bears his wife, his children or his friends is something deeper and more sublime; it is a love intensified and purified by the thought that human life is a finite thing, which may at any moment be touched by the finger of death.

In the moulding of the history of mankind, death has played a supreme part. Without death human progress would have been infinitely slower than it has been, and the onrush of civilisation would have been stayed by ancient tyrants and their tyrannies. If Nero or Caligula had been physically immortal the amount of human suffering would have been incalculably increased. But their power for evil was cut short by the hand of death, which brings to an end both despot and slave. Death is a great liberator: it frees the individual from the trammels of life; but it also frees the race from the shackles of the past. All careful students of history, which, in the words of Gibbon, "is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind," are fully persuaded of the ultimate triumph of right over wrong. It is a lesson that the poets have never wearied of teaching, as witness Longfellow's lines:

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

or Bryant's:

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.

But the part played by death in the attainment of this result is too often lost sight of. It is not so much the effluxion of time, as the scavenging of death, which gives to the events of history the justice of true perspective. So long as the participators in some great accomplishment are still alive, it is almost impossible to estimate with accuracy the true value, the justice or injustice, of their deeds. They tend to preserve the atmosphere in which the event was consummated; they cannot rid themselves of the spirit of partisanship; their prejudices or biases persist with them, and tend to leaven the opinion of their contemporaries. But one by one they make their exit from the stage; the limelight is extinguished with them; the orchestra is silent, and the clean air of heaven sweeps the edifice ere the new players and the fresh spectators take their places. Then, and not till then, does it become possible to appraise at its true worth the performance of the departed players.

Under the directing finger of the great First Cause man has climbed slowly, with bleeding feet and torn hands, from lower types to the development of to-day. If there had been no death, it is very doubtful if man would yet have attained his present degree of evolution. Death has rapidly suppressed the atypical, the weaklings and those not qualified for survival; the "fittest" have been spared the longest, and whatever physical, or mental, or moral quality has had value has tended to persist.

It is impossible to judge of the beauty and sym

metry of some great building until the scaffolding which was a necessary accompaniment of its erection has been removed. Death clears away the scaffolding that has hedged about the growth of man, and we are what we are to-day because death has helped to fashion us.

The psychological law of relativity teaches us that we know things only by their opposites. Without death we should be likely to hold life as of little account. Its very finiteness gives life a special value and a special beauty—the *beauty of the evanescent.* And many of the qualities that make us cling to life are qualities that have been conferred upon it by death.

ROBERT MACKENNA.

TWELFTH SECTION

RHYTHMIC PROSE

DAWN

At these non-human hours they could get quite close to the water-fowl. Herons came, with a great bold noise as of opening doors and shutters, out of the boughs of a plantation which they frequented at the side of the mead; or, if already on the spot, hardily maintained their standing in the water as the pair walked by, watching them by moving their heads round in a slow, horizontal, passionless wheel, like the turn of puppets by clockwork.

They could then see the faint summer fogs in layers, woolly, level, and apparently no thicker than counter-panes, spread about the meadows in detached remnants of small extent. On the grey moisture of the grass were marks where the cows had lain through the night—dark-green islands of dry herbage the size of their carcases in the general sea of dew. From each island proceeds a serpentine trail, by which the cows had rambled away to feed after getting up, at the end o which trail they found her; the snoring puffs from he nostrils, when she recognised them, making an intens little fog of her own amid the prevailing one. Th they drove the animals back to the barton, or sat do to milk them on the spot, as the case might requi

Or perhaps the summer fog was more general, and the meadows lay like a white sea, out of which the scattered trees rose like dangerous rocks. Birds would soar through it into the upper radiance, and hang on the wing sunning themselves, or alight on the wet rails subdividing the mead, which now shone like glass rods. Minute diamonds of moisture from the mist hung, too, upon Tess's eyelashes, and drops upon her hair, like seed pearls. When the day grew quite strong and commonplace these dried off her; moreover, Tess then lost her strange and ethereal beauty; her teeth, lips, and eyes scintillated in the sunbeams, and she was again the dazzlingly fair dairymaid only, who had to hold her own against the other women of the world.

THOMAS HARDY.

AN IRISH FUNERAL

AFTER Mass this morning an old woman was buried. She lived in a cottage next mine, and more than once before noon I heard a faint echo of the keen. I did not go to the wake for fear my presence might jar upon the mourners, but all last evening I could hear the strokes of a hammer in the yard, where, in the middle of a little crowd of idlers, the next-of-kin laboured slowly at the coffin. To-day, before the

our for the funeral, poteen was served to a number f men who stood about upon the road, and a portion was brought to me in my room. Then the coffin was carried out, sewn loosely in sail-cloth, and held near the ground by three cross-poles lashed upon the top. As we moved down to the low eastern portion of the island, nearly all the men, and all the oldest women, wearing petticoats over their heads, came out and joined in the procession.

While the grave was being opened the women sat down among the flat tombstones, bordered with a pale fringe of early bracken, and began the wild keen, or crying for the dead. Each old woman, as she took her turn in the leading recitative, seemed possessed for the moment with a profound ecstasy of grief, swaying to and fro, and bending her forehead to the stone before her, while she called out to the dead with a perpetually recurring chant of sobs.

All round the graveyard other wrinkled women, looking out from under the deep red petticoats that cloaked them, rocked themselves with the same rhythm, and intoned the inarticulate chant that is sustained by all as an accompaniment.

The morning had been beautifully fine, but as they lowered the coffin into the grave, thunder rumbled overhead and hailstones hissed among the bracken.

In Inishmaan one is forced to believe in a sympath between man and nature, and at this moment, wh the thunder sounded a death-peal of extraordina

grandeur above the voices of the women, I could see the faces near me stiff and drawn with emotion.

When the coffin was in the grave, and the thunder had rolled away across the hills of Clare, the keen broke out again more passionately than before.

This grief of the keen is no personal complaint for the death of one woman over eighty years, but seems to contain the whole passionate rage that lurks somewhere in every native of the island. In this cry of pain the inner consciousness of the people seems to lay itself bare for an instant, and to reveal the mood of beings who feel their isolation in the face of a universe that wars on them with winds and seas. They are usually silent, but in the presence of death all outward show of indifference or patience is forgotten, and they shriek with pitiable despair before the horror of the fate to which they all are doomed.

Before they covered the coffin an old man kneeled down by the grave and repeated a simple prayer for the dead.

There was an irony in these words of atonement and Catholic belief spoken by voices that were still hoarse with the cries of pagan desperation.

A little beyond the grave I saw a line of old women who had recited in the keen sitting in the shadow of a wall beside the roofless shell of the church. They were still sobbing and shaken with grief, yet they were beginning to talk again of the daily trifles that veil from them the terrors of the world.

When we had all come out of the graveyard, and

wo men had rebuilt the hole in the wall through which the coffin had been carried in, we walked back o the village, talking of anything, as if merely coming from the boatslip or the pier.

One man told me of the poteen-drinking that takes place at some funerals.

"A while since," he said, "there were two men fell down in the graveyard while the drink was on them. The sea was rough that day, the way no one could go to bring the doctor, and one of the men never woke again, and found death that night."

J. M. SYNGE.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

PERHAPS her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back and back, through the cloud of years to older and ever older memories—to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanour, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral . . . and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm-trees, and the Arch bishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, an the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Unc Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehzen wi

the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

THE RETURN OF THE CHIFF-CHAFF

(SPRING SADNESS)

ON a warm, brilliant morning in late April I paid a visit to a shallow lakelet or pond five or six acres in extent which I had discovered some weeks before hidden in a depression in the land, among luxuriant furze, bramble, and blackthorn bushes. Between the thickets the boggy ground was everywhere covered with great tussocks of last year's dead and faded marsh grass—a wet, rough, lonely place where a lover of solitude need have no fear of being intruded on by a being of his own species, or even a wandering moorland donkey. On arriving at the pond I was surprised and delighted to find half the surface covered with a thick growth of bog-bean just coming into flower. The quaint three-lobed leaves, shaped like a grebe's foot, were still small, and the flower-stocks, thick as corn in a field, were crowned with pyramids of buds, cream and rosy-red like the

pening dropwort clusters, and at the lower end f the spikes were the full-blown singular, snow-white, cottony flowers—our strange and beautiful water edelweiss.

A group of ancient, gnarled and twisted alder bushes, with trunks like trees, grew just on the margin of the pond, and by-and-by I found a comfortable arm-chair on the lower stout horizontal branches overhanging the water, and on that seat I rested for a long time, enjoying the sight of tha rare unexpected loveliness.

The chiff-chaff, the common warbler of this moorland district, was now abundant, more so than anywhere else in England; two or three were flitting about among the alder leaves within a few feet of my head, and a dozen at least were singing within hearing, chiff-chaffing near and far, their notes sounding strangely loud at that still, sequestered spot. Listening to that insistent sound I was reminded of Warde Fowler's words about the sweet season which brings new life and hope to men, and how a seal and sanction is put on it by that same small bird's clear resonant voice. I endeavoured to recall the passage, saying to myself that in order to enter fully into the feeling expressed it is sometimes essential to know an author's exact words. Failing in this, I listened again to the bird; then let my eyes rest on the expanse of red and cream-coloure spikes before me, then on the masses of flame-yello furze beyond, then on something else. I was ende

vouring to keep my attention on these extraneous things, to shut my mind resolutely against a thought, intolerably sad, which had surprised me in that quiet solitary place. Surely, I said, this springtime verdure and bloom, this fragrance of the furze, the infinite blue of heaven, the bell-like double note of this my little feathered neighbour in the alder tree, flitting hither and thither, light and airy himself as a wind-fluttered alder leaf—surely this is enough to fill and to satisfy any heart, leaving no room for a grief so vain and barren, which nothing in nature suggested! That it should find me out here in this wilderness of all places—the place to which a man might come to divest himself of himself—that second self which he has unconsciously acquired—to be like the trees and animals, outside of the sad atmosphere of human life and its eternal tragedy! A vain effort and a vain thought, since that from which I sought to escape came from nature itself, from every visible thing; every leaf and flower and blade was eloquent of it, and the very sunshine, that gave life and brilliance to all things, was turned to darkness by it.

Overcome and powerless, I continued sitting there with half-closed eyes until those sad images of lost friends, which had risen with so strange a suddenness in my mind, appeared something more than mere memories and mentally-seen faces and forms, seen for a moment, then vanishing. They were with me, standing by me, almost as in life; and I looked from one to another, looking longest at the one who

as the last to go; who was with me but yesterday, s it seemed, and stood still in our walk and turned to bid me listen to that same double note, that little spring melody which had returned to us; and who led me, waist-deep in the flowering meadow grasses, to look for this same beautiful white flower which I had found here, and called it our "English edelweiss." How beautiful it all was! We thought and felt as one. That bond uniting us, unlike all other bonds, was unbreakable and everlasting. If one had said that life was uncertain it would have seemed a meaningless phrase. Spring's immortality was in us; ever-living earth was better than any home in the stars which eye hath not seen nor heart conceived. Nature was all in all; we worshipped her, and her wordless messages in our hearts were sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

To me, alone on that April day, alone on the earth as it seemed for a while, the sweet was indeed changed to bitter, and the loss of those who were one with me in feeling appeared to my mind as a monstrous betrayal, a thing unnatural, almost incredible. Could I any longer love and worship this dreadful power that made us and filled our hearts with gladness—could I say of it, "Though it slay me yet will I trust it"?

By-and-by the tempest subsided, but the clouds returned after the rain, and I sat on in a deep melan choly, my mind in a state of suspense. Then littl by little the old influence began to reassert itse

and it was as if one was standing there by me, one who was always calm, who saw all things clearly, who regarded me with compassion and had come to reason with me. "Come now," it appeared to say, "open your eyes once more to the sunshine; let it enter freely and fill your heart, for there is healing in it and in all nature. It is true the power you have worshipped and trusted will destroy you, but you are living to-day and the day of your end will be determined by chance only. Until you are called to follow them into that 'world of light,' or it may be of darkness and oblivion, you are immortal. Think then of to-day, humbly putting away the rebellion and despondency corroding your life, and it will be with you as it has been; you shall know again the peace which passes understanding, the old ineffable happiness in the sights and sounds of earth. Common things shall seem rare and beautiful to you. Listen to the chiff-chaff ingeminating the familiar unchanging call and message of spring. Do you know that this frail feathered mite with its short, feeble wings has come back from an immense distance, crossing two continents, crossing mountains, deserts illimitable, and, worst of all, the salt, grey desert of the sea? North and north-east winds and snow and sleet assailed it when, weary with its long journey, it drew near to its bourne, and beat it back, weak and chilled to its little anxious heart, so that it could hardly keep itself from falling into the cold, salt waves. Yet no sooner is it here in the ancient

home and cradle of its race, than, all perils and pains forgot, it begins to tell aloud the overflowing joy of the resurrection, calling earth to put on her living garment, to rejoice once more in the old undying gladness—that small trumpet will teach you something. Let your reason serve you as well as its lower faculties have served this brave little traveller from a distant land."

Is this then the best consolation my mysterious mentor can offer? How vain, how false it is!—how little can reason help us! The small bird exists only in the present; there is no past, nor future, nor knowledge of death. Its every action is the result of a stimulus from outside; its "bravery" is but that of a dead leaf or ball of thistle-down carried away by the blast.

Is there no escape, then, from this intolerable sadness—from the thought of springs that have been, the beautiful multitudinous life that has vanished? Our maker and mother mocks at our efforts—at our philosophic refuges, and sweeps them away with a wave of emotion. And yet there is deliverance, the old way of escape which is ours, whether we want it or not. Nature herself in her own good time heals the wound she inflicts—even this most grievous in seeming when she takes away from us the fait and hope of reunion with our lost. They may h in a world of light, waiting our coming—we do n know; but in that place they are unimaginab their state inconceivable. They were like us, bei

of flesh and blood, or we should not have loved them. If we cannot grasp their hands their continued existence is nothing to us. Grief at their loss is just as great for those who have kept their faith as for those who have lost it; and on account of its very poignancy it cannot endure in either case. It fades, returning in its old intensity at ever longer intervals until it ceases. The poet of nature was wrong when he said that without his faith in the decay of his senses he would be worse than dead, echoing the apostle who said that if we had hope in this world only we should be of all men the most miserable. So, too, was the later poet wrong when he listened to the waves on Dover beach bringing the eternal notes of sadness in; when he saw in imagination the ebbing of the great sea of faith which had made the world so beautiful, in its withdrawal disclosing the deserts drear and naked shingles of the world. That desolation, as he imagined it, which made him so unutterably sad, was due to the erroneous idea that our earthly happiness comes to us from [illegible] where, some region outside our planet, [illegible] one of our modern philosophers has [illegible] the principle of life on earth came [illegible] the stars.

The "naked shingles of the world" [illegible] of our transitional day; the world [illegible] as it ever was, and our dead as [illegible] have ever been, even when [illegible] They are not wholly, [illegible]

we cease to remember them, when their images come no longer unbidden to our minds. They are present in nature: through ourselves, receiving but what we give, they have become part and parcel of it and give it an expression. As when the rain clouds disperse and the sun shines out once more, heaven and earth are filled with a chastened light, sweet to behold and very wonderful, so because of our lost ones, because of the old grief at their loss, the visible world is touched with a new light, a tenderness and grace and beauty not its own.

W. H. HUDSON.

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